



COMMENCEMENT
1912 NUMBER

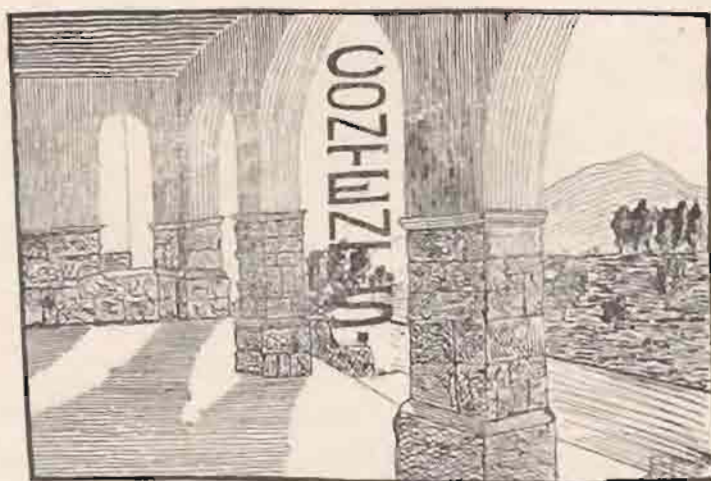
*Left of
the 1891-1892
Academic Year
Class of 1892*

POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL



EDITED BY THE
STUDENT BODY OF CALIFORNIA
POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL

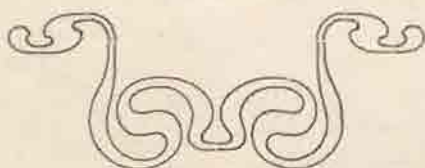
SAN LUIS OBISPO
CALIFORNIA



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We affectionately dedicate this book
to our friend and Vice-Director.

Mr. Frank E. Edwards.





MR. FRANK E. EDWARDS



THE POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL

VOL. VII

SAN LUIS OBISPO, CAL., JUNE 1912

NO. 3



This is the last issue of the Journal for this school year. It stands as a record, or partially so, of the accomplishments of various departments of the school for the past nine months. The class of nineteen twelve will find in the years to come much contained within its covers that will bring back to their memories days of pleasure—yes, and of hardships and trials, too—that might otherwise be forgotten. To a certain extent it will bind the class together; help to retain the memories of friendships and loves which we hope will never lie completely in the past.

We hope that you, the Seniors, will keep alive in your hearts a fondness and love for Poly—a love, that as the years advance and you take positions of responsibility in the life of the world, will increase rather than grow less.

Polytechnic has done for you that which may not at the present time be fully appreciated. You do not recognize your own development; your growth. You have learned much of value to you—some of which at the present time seems to have been bought at the expense of valuable time which you may now think might have been better otherwise employed, but later the broadening influence of this knowledge you will see and appreciate. We hope that what you have learned was not learned easily, for things easily learned are oftentimes more easily forgot and those who get wisdom without knowing it lose it without missing it.

You are today to leave Poly and be enrolled with that ever-increasing class—the alumni; that aggregation which as it enlarges will develop members that will reflect much honor on the school. Let it be hoped that among this year's class may be found a goodly proportion of such members,—that Polytechnic may with just pride point to the nineteen twelves and say, "Behold our product."

* * * * *

At the beginning of the year a vacancy occurred in the staff of the Journal. The position of staff artist has throughout the year remained

unoccupied. But by the loyal support of a few of the students this final issue is not devoid of cuts. The contest for the cover design was entered into with interest and though several excellent cover cuts were handed in it was necessary to choose one and discard the rest. But we wish to express our gratitude to all those who competed and especially to Ruth Riddle, whose design was accepted for use and which appears on the front page of the book.

We are also deeply indebted for other art work to T. Mizuo, Hazel Brew, Ruth Riddle, Florence Knight, Helen Sandercock, Archie Brown and Annie Zanalli.

The Journal this year has deviated from the course prescribed by the school constitution. To us the plan of issuing three books instead of eight seemed wise—still does and we heartily recommend for the benefit of the succeeding staff that it be carried on as here commenced.

Our first issue this year was not an entire success owing to lack of experience and knowledge concerning the publication of a book such as this. Our next issue, however, showed a decided improvement over the first, and this, the last one, we hope will to some extent counterbalance the lack of success in the first.

The publication of the Journal is essentially a school activity, and as such should receive the same support, or more, than is given some of the other branches of the school life. It is not to be expected that the staff is capable of producing, without student co-operation, a paper of any worth.

A new staff takes control next year and we wish them the greatest of success in their work—hoping that they may not have to experience many of the difficulties with which we had to contend.

To the merchants and others who aided us by advertising in the Journal we tender our most sincere thanks and wish for their success that they may see fit to favor the school paper with their support in the coming years.

Seniors.



John Perozzi—Johnnie is the star student of the class. He is held in great reverence by the class on account of his superior knowledge. His characteristic generosity is shown by his tendency to help others of his class; also in his willingness to loan his motor-bike to ignorant but aspiring cyclists.

Allen Noren—"Swede" is the man with the reputation of being a rough-houser of great ability and of never being afraid of anything. He holds the trusty position of secretary and treasurer of our class and made good on the football team this year.

Margaret Campbell—Margaret is one of the jolliest girls in our class. She always has a smile for everyone and without her the class would have missed a valuable member. The rest of the class will carry a fond remembrance of her through the coming years.

J. Lewis Cooper—Jewel has been with us only two years but by his sweet disposition he has won the affection of the class. In the line of athletics he has contributed his share to the class fame by representing the seniors in baseball and track.

Merton Weymouth—Mert is one of our star students and is possessed of a superfluity of class spirit. He has been for the past three years a valuable member of the basketball team. During his freshman and junior years his ability on the tennis court won him a place with the school racquet wielders. In his senior year he was a valuable addition to both the track and baseball teams. He is also athletic editor on the Journal staff and secretary of the Student Body.

William T. Shipsey—Bill has filled with credit the presidential chair of his class. He has led us through our hardest year of work without allowing many to drop by the wayside. His athletic record, of which we are all proud, is as follows: First year, football, baseball, basketball and track; second year, baseball (manager), football, basketball; third year, football (captain), baseball (manager), track. During his Junior and Senior years he represented his class in the Executive Council of the Student Body.

John Snyder—John is of a retiring disposition but nevertheless has been prominent in class activities. He was a member of last year's track and basketball teams and during this year won his track letter, taking the low barriers.

Eva Fridley—Eva has been with us only two years but through hard work has attained a high place in the class. She is a hard worker for the class and a very popular girl. We understand that through mutual agreement, Snyder has stolen her heart and we here tender them our best wishes for the future.

Baptiste Fiscalini—"Fisky" is a shark in all his studies, due to his conscientious and unrelenting efforts in the pursuit of wisdom. In his Junior year he represented his class on the football and baseball field.

Cassius Sibley—"Sib" is the honored president of the Student Body. For the last two years has held his place on the debating team. He is noted for his experimenting tendencies, many occasions of which have proved exciting and, to some extent, dangerous. For his exemplary conduct and good scholarship he has no equal in the school.

Bernard Murray—"Bedink" has the honor of being the smallest man in the senior class. He is a marvel on the football field where he has demonstrated his ability for the last three years. In track his speed has won him many medals, having represented the school the last three track seasons in the sprints. He also has three seasons of baseball to his credit, captaining the team in his junior year. During his senior year he ably held down the posi-

tion of track captain. During his junior year he proved his ability as class representative in the Executive Student Body Council.

Hazel Brew—"Shorty," as she is known to her friends, is one of the most popular girls in the school; she is a leader along social lines and is at all times a loyal Polytechnic booster.

Olga Grizzle—Olga is one of the most talented of our class. She is a dramatist of no mean ability, having taken the part of the leading lady in the senior play, "The Freshman."

Sophia Hutching—A girl of great ability as a student and an athlete. She played three years on the girls' basketball team, and was a representative in the girls' tennis contest. In her junior year she was president of the class and secretary of the Student Body. In her senior year she was the treasurer of the Student Body and a member of the Journal Staff.

Michael Erburu—Mike, the master of freshies and mainspring of school jollity, has been a member of the Journal Staff for the last two years, and in his junior year was one of the representatives of his class on the Executive Student Body Council. Wherever Mike is, there is always something doing and he is often called the Poly Clown.

T. Mizuo—Mizuo is a representative of Japan. He is of a quiet disposition and never has much to say but is liked by all. He believes in work before play and has done work that is a credit to himself and to the school. He played on the football team during his senior year and well deserved his letter.

Fred Southard—This timid lad goes by the name of "Brick." He is renowned for his ability to get to the math class in time for the next assignment. Every day, rain or shine, he drives, from the Edna suburbs to school. "Brick" is as pleasant as he is redheaded and is recognized as an all around good fellow.

Cora Schutze—Our girls' basketball captain of this year and a loyal member of the class. Like most plump people, she is the personification of good humor.

Marguerite Shipsey—"Peggy" is one of our reliable committee workers and is always being much imposed upon. She is a quiet, modest little girl and has been rewarded with the presidency of the Amapola Club. She is one of the senior representatives to the Executive Council of the Student Body and is also a member of the Journal Staff.

Charles Swartz—This exuberant member of the senior class on the campus is familiarly known as "Hi." During his three years at Poly he has been noted for his comical little sayings, and his love for a good time is an outstanding feature, for he is always present when a roughhouse is in progress. This year he showed up well on track and is a member of which his class is justly proud.

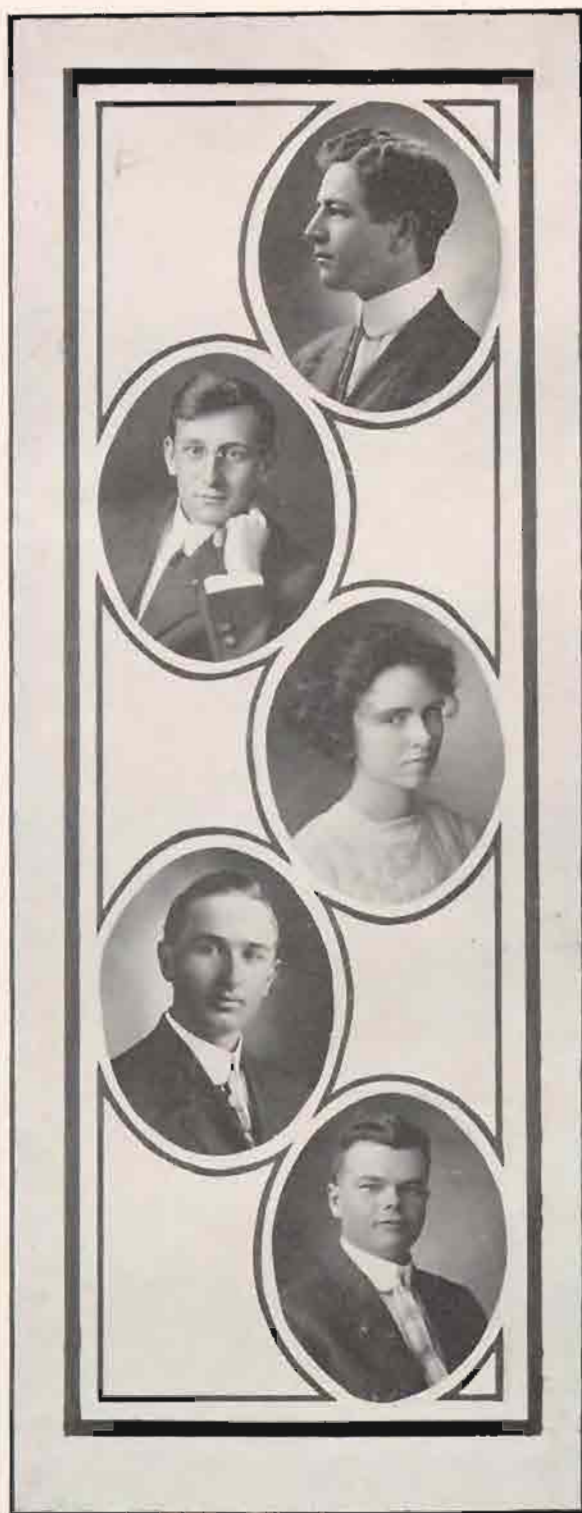
Marc Edmonds—Marc-Marc-Marc. Always there when it comes to studies—in fact, he loves math so well that he is taking trig the second time. He is a very ambitious young lad and will undoubtedly make a great success in life.

Donald Mitchell—Here we have the story teller of the class, who has some unknown power that keeps him supplied on all occasions, so that you never get lonesome while with him. He is a good student but never hurts himself working. He can always see the bright side of things and never loses a joke that comes his way.

Florence Knight—This girl on account of her beautiful golden locks is known as Flossie; she is the quietest girl in the class but is very popular and is a good student.

Charles Monroe Hamaker—Chile has had a hard time in trig but by persistent work has made good. He is an old veteran on the diamond, having represented the school the last three seasons in baseball. In his freshman and senior years he proved a point winner in track. Chile is holding down the position of sergeant-at-arms of the Student Body by his stern manner and powerful arm.

Clifford Tanner—One of our Morro representatives who has on numerous occasions furnished us with many laughs at his comical ideas on school conduct. He is a loyal class member, representing his class on the football field during his junior year and also helping to land the alumni cup in track. During his senior year he was a member of the football team, and also represented his class on the track.



SHIPSEY

SNYDER

FRIDLEY

FISCALLINO

SIBLEY



MURRAY

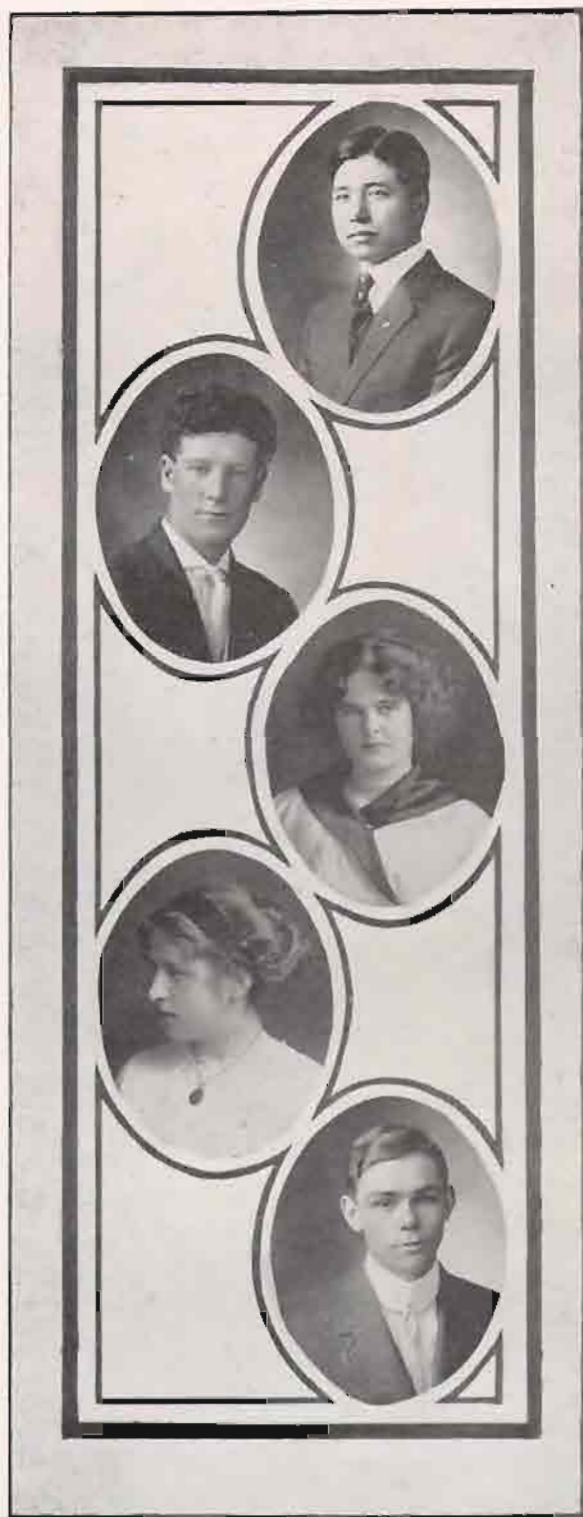
BREW

GRIZZLE

HUCHTING

ERBURN





MIZUO

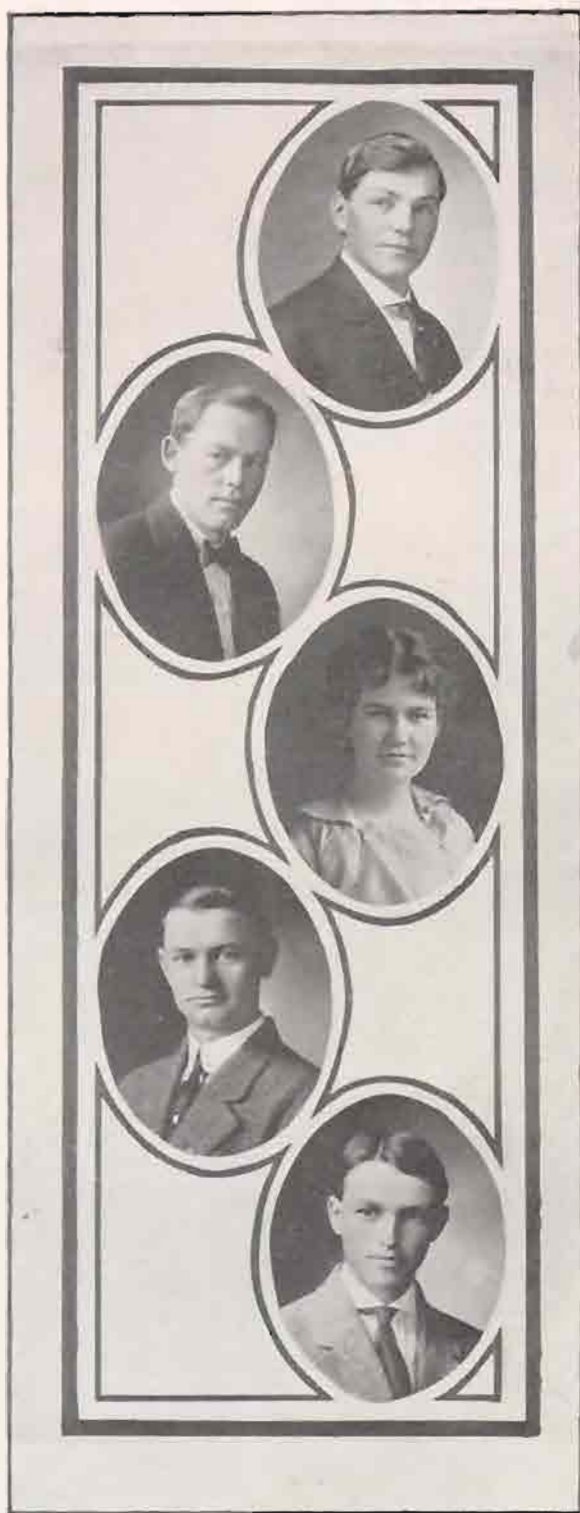
SOUTHARD

SHULZE

SHIPSEY

SWARTZ





PEROZZI

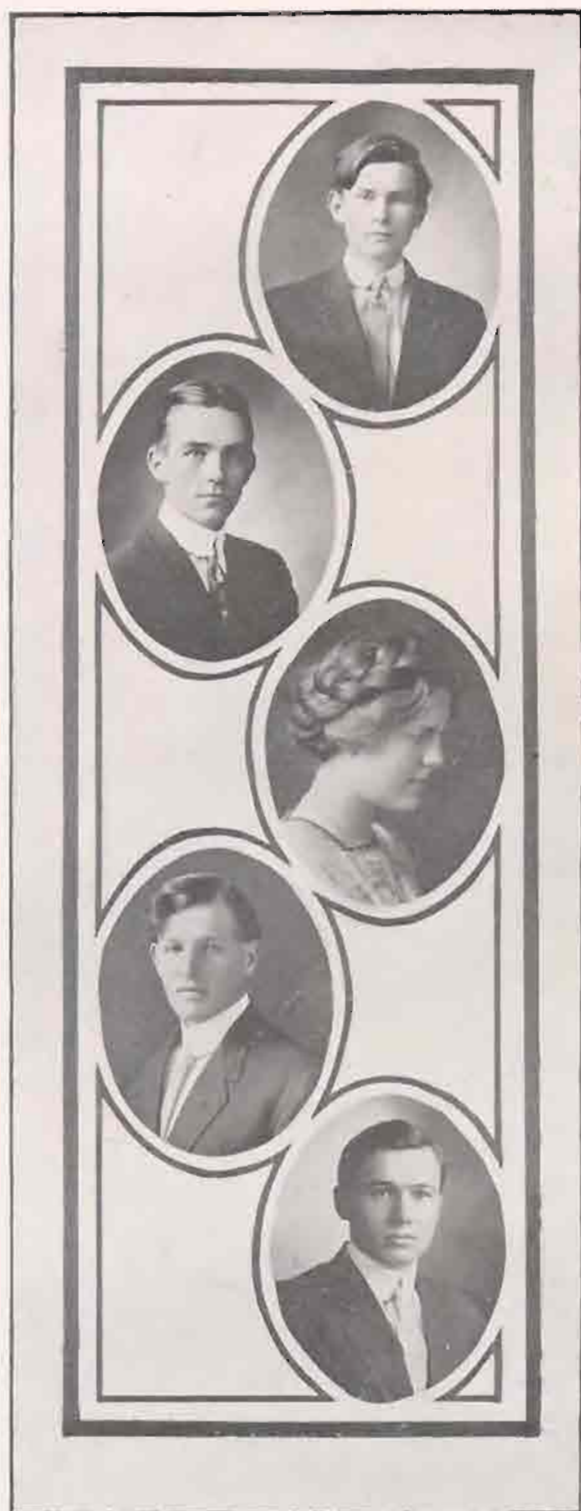
NOREN

CAMPBELL

COOPER

WEYMOUTH





EDMONDS

MITCHELL

KNIGHT

HAMMAKER

TANNER



Class Officers:

W.D. Shipsey	
W.D. Shipsey	PRESIDENT
JOHN SNYDER	VICE-PRESIDENT
ALBIN NOREN	SEC. and TREASURER

Class Motto:
FOR WORTH, NOT PRAISE.

CLASS COLORS
RED AND GREEN

CLASS FLOWER
RED ROSE

Class Tree:
ABIES FERINA

Class Day Programme

Wednesday, June Twelfth

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

MUSICAL SELECTION.

CLASS HISTORY.

CLASS ALPHABET.

CLASS WILL.

PRISON RECORD.

CLASS SONG.

PROPHECY.

EXERCISE AT CLASS TREE.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

Friends, relatives, members of the Faculty, and fellow students: We welcome you to our class day exercise. For one of the last times we are meeting as the Senior class in Polytechnic. Though the commencement season has in it much enjoyment; still there is regret that we shall miss the associations which we have had during the three years. Viewed from the present standpoint, the features of school life which we have sometimes called hard and distasteful, now seem to be forgotten while we recall most readily our many happy experiences.

Scarcely three years ago we entered Polytechnic green as Freshmen ever are. During the years our number decreased, as did also, to some extent, our Freshman's love for show of school patriotism. Then we grew into proud Juniors. During that year many more fell by the wayside. For the past year, we have had to assume the role of dignified Seniors. During these years we have learned many things and have avoided learning a great many more which we have had the chance to master.

Now our opportunities here have ceased. If we shall continue our studies it will be in other fields. If not, it will probably fall on us now to put into practice that which we have learned at Polytechnic. Whether the one or the other, our interest in the school that has done so much for us will ever continue. Its memories shall ever be uppermost in our minds, and the fond reminiscences brought about by a picture or some other treasured article shall always be tenderly regarded. It is with deep and heartfelt regret that we think of leaving those who have become dear to us here. In years to come we shall recognize them as true and lasting friends, and then we shall appreciate the fact that these were truly happy days. As we leave Polytechnic for other and greater works, we shall take with us a feeling of gratitude for the service which she has rendered us.

W. T. SHIPSEY.

CLASS HISTORY.

Three long years ago, we, the noble Seniors, entered upon the Polytechnic grounds as young and inexperienced children. We represented a large portion of the United States, coming from Montana, Ohio, Colorado, Arizona and Oregon, outside of California. Our class was the largest up to that time, numbering eighty-three.

Early in October we were introduced to our superiors, the haughty juniors, and the mighty seniors (we had previously met most of the faculty), at a reception tendered us by the Y. M. C. A. Several speeches were made by those present, among whom was Mr. Henderson, a Y. M. C. A. leader. After this evening we felt better acquainted in our new home.

In February we had the first meeting when we organized as the Freshman Class and elected the following officers: John Flint, President; Sophie Hutching, Vice President, and Barney Murray, Secretary and Treasurer. We chose red and green as our class colors.

In athletics we proved our worth by winning the Alumni Cup. We were quite proud of this victory as this was the first time that the cup had been contested for.

Some of our superfluous greenness and freshness were gradually worn off by snipe hunts and in unexpected baths in the creek up School Canyon, or in the dormitory showers, and under fire hydrants.

During our first spring we initiated the new dining hall by giving the Freshman dance in it. Here we proved that we had lost some of our earlier characteristics and acquired more dignity.

As the first year ended our envy and ambition were aroused when we saw the learned seniors receive their respective "sheepskins." We looked longingly toward the day when the same honors would be bestowed upon us.

The following September we again registered as students at the C. P. S. To our dismay many of our classmates were missing, there being only fifty-nine left to call themselves juniors.

At our class election we chose Sophie Hutching, President; Martin Van Converg, Vice President and Ralph Pease, Secretary and Treasurer.

As we considered the entering Freshman class unusually large and green, we decided to use stringent methods to make them "toe the line." We fed them plenty of the famous consumption cure, namely, "Lee McDowell's Oysters." We also branded their foreheads with a large 13, and clipped their beautiful curls. These acts were not appreciated by the faculty and later caused much consternation among us.

Again we showed our superiority in athletics by winning the Alumni Cup for the second time. With such men as Shipsey, Murray, Snyder, Weymouth, Pease, Willoughby and Roberts, nothing less could be expected.

We ended our second eventful year by giving a banquet to the seniors in the household arts building. Toasts were given by both classes and the faculty members present, and the junior prophecy was read by Cora Eastman.

On September twelfth we came straggling back, this time to settle down for hard and earnest work. We were joined by Olga Grizzle from the Los Angeles Normal, making the number twenty-five for the final dash.

The class, after hard work on the senior play, "The Freshman," under the able management of Miss Chase, gave a successful performance Wednesday

June the twelfth. The cast, which had so faithfully worked to produce the play and made such a success of it were the following named members of the class: Merton Weymuth, Barney Murray, John Snyder, William Shipsey, Clifford Tanner, Charles Swartz, Jewel Cooper, Olga Grizzle, Margaret Campbell, Florence Knight, Hazel Brew.

Now as we are severing our relations as students in Polytechnic, we feel much satisfaction with the experience we have had. We recall the patience and good will of the faculty, and the happy association with our fellows, for whom we wish such success and pleasant times as we have enjoyed.

CLASS ALPHABET.

A stands for AI, or the highest degree
Of which all of us are you'll surely agree.

B is for Barney, also for Brew.
Often together you'll see these two.
Hazel, or Shorty, loves crisp timbale cases.
Barney, the sprinter, doth sure win the races.

C is for Cooper, a Jewel, though small.
He rides all alone so none get a fall.
At meetings he's first to second a motion,
Before anyone else has even a notion.

Cora is the basket ball girl of our class,
Ever ready with praise for some other fair lass.
For her love for French Pickle, is more than for history.

D is for Donald so tall and so thin,
We find spending money is his greatest sin.
'Tis history that claims his attention.
As a queener, we notice, he needeth no mention.

E is for Edmonds who in old Freshman days
Was shorn of his locks, no desire to haze!
He now gives us pointers—the old history shark!
Where books are concerned he's a notable Marc.

Eburu, or Mike as he's commonly known,
Can always be spotted by his merry tone.
The opposite of thin—just put that down—
Helps make him our jolliest Senior clown.

Eva's bright eyes and her pretty brown hair
May be the reasons why she's Snyder's care.
She's often found drawing a cozy house plan,
And designing interiors as only she can.

F stands for "Fisky." As he drives home from school
He passes all by, as a general rule.
In class spirit his equal is not often seen.
How bravely he fought for the red and the green!

G is for greenness, in Freshmen you see—
Surely no further rhyme is needed for thee.

H is for Hamaker, or Ham's just the same,
He is noted for giving our class tree its name.
He once was a "queener," they say, at the Dorm,
But tell us why this year he has looked so forlorn?

I is for Industrious, which all Freshmen will be
If they follow the example of Seniors they see.

J—Of course there's no "jay" in our Senior class
So it must stand for Juniors who in "jayness" surpass.

K is for Knight, no "lady" you say?
Well, she's the stuck-up-est thing that ere came out our way.
She thinks she is pretty; her golden hair, sweet;
She is late for her classes, but never to eat.

L stands for laziness. In Juniors it's found.
We've had it alas, for it goes the full round.

M—Here's to sweet Margaret, so jolly and gay.
Never gets sore but says, "O gee, that's no nice way."
She loveth dear Botany, and Applied Design,
But her "cuts" in these subjects are ninety times nine.

The Japanese lad also comes under the M,
At studies or football he's surely a gem.
His name is Mizuo. He's up with the larks,
And in Mathematics, he's the shark of the sharks.

N is for Noren, the "poomp" he doth man.
He seeds Fresno raisins whenever he can.
The way he wastes distillate gives us the creeps,
He has learned to grow rich, while he peacefully sleeps.

O is for Olga, our oracle sage,
Her everlasting advice would befit twice her age—
And it is sufficient—she's wisely called Grizzle!
Her yarns are unending. She's mostly a fizzle.

P for Perozzi, our swift Marathon,
Who refuses the driveway, prefers the green lawn.
And many the ounce of tallow he burns,
Writing to Jewel, a past friend of Ferns.

Likewise to Peggy, our neat Marguerite,
Who is often heard singing a song (?) so sweet.
In phonetic spelling, she doth also excel;
This is a sample, "Obstickhell."

Q—Queer—all queer but the faculty here—
And sometimes we think even them a bit queer.

R is for Red Rose. Of all class flowers
Was ever any as pretty as ours?

S—President Shipsey is first in S-line.
As football captain he surely was fine—
A ready word and a charming smile
Make Bill a true favorite all the while.

Also for Sibley, who will argue the case
And contend or defend 'till you're black in the face.
On Latin he's strong; of the students the "prex."
With trifling matters his great soul don't vex.

You all know of Snyder, "My own darling Jack."
An encounter with Freddie made one eye quite black.
Along with two others late one dark night
He gave the Director a terrible fright.

First to the barn, then to the tank they did go
With a pail of green paint, these three in a row.
The 12 is still there, and this is a fact—
If you don't believe it ask Bill, Barney or Jack.

Capable Sophia has charge of the funds.
But at the sight of a frog—O dear how she runs!
And is it for specimens for Botany
She seeks at night by the green Holly tree?

Southard, with hair so red and curly,
From Edna comes in the morning early.
If room he had every girl would ride;
Yes, he's often seen with three by his side.

Swartz is a "queener," I've heard some say.
Just ask Marguerite if it's ever that way.
The "Freshman" he is though in Senior disguise
And often admired for his brown lustrous eyes.

T is for Tanner, a football man,
Who eats ice cream whenever he can.
Of nice tempting cones he was painfully fond,
So paid the penalty at the ducking pond.

U is for "Uens" usually useful—
But we have found "U" unusually useless.

V is for Visions—we all have many
Some of them worth not even a penny.

W is for Weymouth, energetic and jolly,
A basketball man that'll be missed at Poly.
In classes, we've heard, he's hard to beat—
And say—he's strong when it comes to the "eat."

X, Y, Z is for—for—O dear, dear me—
Go to King, get an Algebra, and you'll see.

FLORENCE KNIGHT, '12
OLGA GRIZZLE, '12

CLASS WILL.

We, the class of nineteen twelve, this day, June 13, 1912 A. D., being of sound mind but of unsound health, caused by an attempt to make up three years work in that number of weeks, and realizing that in a few days we shall be no more, do hereby make and declare this our last will and testament.

We, the senior girls, will and bequeath The Girls' Reception Room in the Domestic Science Building to the quiet and peaceful freshman girls.

We, the senior boys, will our ability to hoist our pennants on the school flagpole to the indignant freshman class.

To the coming seniors we will and bequeath the pleasant prospect of "I. R." and the inevitable hours of burning the midnight oil.

To the faculty, we leave peace and rest for the long hours spent grading the papers which brought us such high (?) marks.

I, Olga Grizzle, will my dignity to the freshman girls and my bluff to Irma Hazard and my shrewdness in cutting classes to Holman.

I, Charles Hamaker, will my scarcity of golden locks to Ike, and the shade of my tie to Brownie, for he surely will need it in his future queening.

I, John Snyder, will my working spirit on committees to Archie Nock, my good marks in history to Maude Cheda; for such would be a credit to any student. My fairy-like agility displayed while tripping the light fantastic, I will to Nedon Paul.

I, Margaret Campbell, will my stylish form and figure to Olga Berke-meyer, my good looks to Humphrey Hillard, my good-naturedness to Philip Eastman and my spells of giggling to Eddy Einer.

I, Mike Erbaru, will my clownish acts to Ralph Eels, my stainless habits to Baldwin, my discarded Chemistry clothes to A. Cook, my everlasting name as a game sport to Forrester, and my surplus pounds to Mervin Grizzle.

I, Marc Edmonds, will my knowledge of electricity to Fitz, my boisterous nature to Chuck Williams, and my popularity with the girls to Carol Stone.

I, Cora Schulze, will my talkativeness when around boys to Juliet Tognazzini, my love of the opposite sex to Edna Byers, and my attractiveness to Alma Sebach.

I, Donald Mitchell, will my knack of writing love stories for the Journal to Nina Salacci, my uncontainable knowledge of trigonometry to John Duff Fitzgerald, and my ability as a prize box painter to John Clark.

I, T. Mizno, will my ability as a football shark to Archie Nock, my position as chef to Frank McLain, and my ability as an interpreter to A. Conception.

I, Hazel Brew, will my privilege of queening daily on the campus to whoever may be my successor, my lease on my home on Knob Hill to some homeless student, as I will have no use for it after today; my high standing in all classes to M. N. Yocum, my interest in mechanics to Kathleen Shipsey, and my musical talent to Jessie Scott.

I, John Baptiste Fiscalini, will my good looks and power of constant wooing to Carol Stone, my stylish clothes to Joe Schweizer, and my knowledge of making cheese to Daily.

I, Albin Noren, will my flirting nature to Bennet, my early hours at the pumping plant to Bill Nock, my millions to Earl Clark, as this may aid him in becoming a second John D., and my ability as a secretary to Dorothy Edmonds.

I, Eva Fridley, will my pleasing disposition to Ethel Sinclair, my good attention while in class to Fern Hall, my ability as a composer of music to

Francis Murray, my hypnotizing curls to Kathleen Shipsey, and to Tecla Johnson I will my orchard in Southern California, but I still retain my orange peddler.

I, John Perozzi, will my winsome ways to Paul Welch, my position as a dancing teacher to Mavor Smith, and my knowledge in motoring to Bennet.

I, William T. Shipsey, will my Irish descent to Lino Lopez, my privilege of dropping bags of H2 O from upstairs windows during lunch hour, to Cecil Stocton; my temper in senior meetings to Albert McMeekin, and all the extra dances I can't get to Mavor Smith.

I, Flossie Knight, will my surplus inches to Elmer Forbes, my inquisitiveness and power to butt-in to Stella Brown, my knowledge of history to Lucile Kirk, my pull with Miss Williams to Fay Welch, my ability as overseer of the domestic science building to Shirley.

I, Cassius Sibley, will my thoughtfulness of laying amendments on the table for future decision to F. McLain, my willingness in upholding the Senior Play to Coulter, what I have learned on midnight strolls to Chuck, my curly hair and long face to George Williams, my good humor after lost debates to Heinz.

I, Fred Southard, will my girlish features to Ambrose Fox, my ability in athletics to F. J. Corrick, my curly hair and whatever is found in the tangle to Francis Murray, my collection of reasons for trig, tardy-marks to Fred Curl, and my "always-room-for-one-more" behind the gray to A. B. Perozzi.

I, Clifford Tanner, will my thoughtfulness in misplacing my arms around the ladies in history to Earl King, my sharp teeth as a defense when nearing the hydrant to Eastman, my knowledge of football to Winnie Andrews.

I, Margaret Shipsey, will my ability to form words with a conglomeration of letters to Grace Rowan, my red nose to Leona Forbes, my knowledge of running autos to Guy Nicholl. I will the ease and ability with which I did coquetting during my Freshman year, to Helen Sanderecock.

I, Merton Weymouth, will my ability as a queener of all the Dormitory girls to Ralph Wilmar, my ability as a hash-slinger to George Mendenhall, my uncontainable knowledge to any member of the faculty, my ability as a queener on basketball trips to Owen Smith, and my agility in getting over the banisters in the girls' dormitory to Earl Clark.

I, Charles Swartz, will my uncontrollable desire to spend money to D. Kennedy, my 4-40 record to Morrison, and my comfy moccasins to Juliet Tokio.

I, Barney Murray, will my queening privileges to Rudolph Tanner, my sprinting reputation to Ford as it may help him to get into the Stanford track meet next year.

I, Sophia, Huchting, will my success in affairs of the heart and mind to Lillabell Wade, to Kathleen Shipsey I leave my diamond ring, all my carefully boxed letters, my popularity with the Dormitory Boys, and sincerely hope she won't think she ought to have more. I will my knack in erasing freshman numerals from the curtains to Fern Hall and my room in the Dormitory to Blondy.

I, J. Cooper, will my remaining Coffee Club tickets to Coulter to help him to get fat, my impenetrable heart to Archie Brown and my telephone number to all the happy girls I am leaving.

Lastly, we hereby appoint the class of '13 executor of this, our last will and testament, revoking all former wills made by us.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name, this thirteenth day of June, nineteen hundred and twelve.

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWELVE.

CLASS PROPHECY.

My partner and I were feeling particularly gay that afternoon. We were taking the first vacation that we had allowed ourselves for five years and were determined to enjoy it to the fullest extent.

We had received an invitation from the progressive class of 1917 to attend their graduation exercises and also to watch them paint their class numerals on the huge slab of rock that is on the eastern side of Bishop's Peak. But what really made us leave our business was the fact that we wanted to attend a meeting of the Alumni Association, although we knew we would enjoy seeing the one hundred eighty male members of the senior class swarm over the side of Bishop's Peak and, after giving the whole slab of rock a bright yellow coat of paint, inscribe upon it a huge "P" and beneath their class numerals, '17.

When we got off the train at San Luis we found that scarcely anything had changed, except the school which now occupied much of the valley between San Luis Peak and the Cuesta Canon.

As the day was very warm we thought that a little something cold wouldn't do us any harm so we went over to an ice cream stand that was nearby. To our delight we found that the fellow who was dispensing ice cream and cheerfulness was none other than our old friend, High Swartz of the class of 1912. We kept High so busy answering questions that he forgot to collect for the cones.

As we turned the corner to go down Osas street we noticed a fellow who seemed to have no other occupation but to cover a street corner and support a telegraph pole. We had some difficulty in recognizing him as an old friend when he spoke to us, but it suddenly dawned on me that it was none other than John Perrozi. We talked with him for some time and among the interesting things he told us was that Fiscalini had bred a new breed of goats that were adapted to eating rocks and that he was fast growing rich from a large herd which he had pastured on Bishop Peak.

As we walked on down the street a rickety old cab, drawn by a pair of elderly skates, drew up at the curb and a well recognized voice asked us in honeyed tones, "Wouldn't you gents like a cab?" Bill Shipsey, it seems, had thrown up his job on the Cuyucos light plant and gone to hack driving to make a living, for he found that his natural eloquence did better on a hack than in a power house.

Of course we piled into Shipsey's hack and went rattling toward the business section at a fearful rate. Suddenly our conveyance came to a very abrupt stop. When we were able we picked ourselves up from the bottom of the cab and looking out to see the cause of the abrupt stop, we saw a large crowd gathered around a man on a soap box. He was making an anarchistic speech about government. It was with sadness we recognized our old friend, Marc Edmonds, who had become a rabid anarchist, ever ready to tell his views from a soap box to the passing crowd. As we stopped and listened a man began to circulate among the crowd, passing out hand bills. When he came closer we saw that it was Mike Erburn. His hand bills were to announce an enormous bargain sale of Lima beans, to be held that afternoon on his ranch which was formerly the old Bergh place. We inquired of Mike as to where we could find a good rooming place. He recommended a large rooming house known as Burney's Barracks. We went to the address he gave and found that Mr. and Mrs. Murray had turned the old pavilion theatre into a boarding house.

That evening we strolled down town. Everything was almost the same as it had been five years before. We noticed but one change and that was in the name that was on one of the buildings. The magnificent building that had formerly been called Holly's Cafe was now surmounted by the sign, Huchting & Grizzle Cafe—Cooking Done in a Scientific Way—Balanced Rations Served to Everyone.

The next day we went down to the Sulphur Springs to see our old classmate, Albin Noren. He was having a life of luxurious ease, having sworn off from all work. It seemed that Albin had figured out a way to grow sulphured apricots on a mistletoe tree. We stayed with Noren and enjoyed his hospitality until late in the afternoon.

Just as we were about to leave, a large automobile dashed passed at a terrific rate of speed. When my partner remarked to Noren that the driver of the automobile was going some, Albin informed us that the driver was Fred Southard who had been down to Avila to see a certain young lady and had to get back before milking time. He was head mechanic of Edna Dairy Farm and his position required him to keep the automatic milking machines oiled.

We had hardly returned to town when a very excited young lady rushed up and asked us to subscribe to a fund to help John Snyder get back his name from a certain bean canning company. We were hardly prepared to recognize Miss Fridley. When she had taken time to get her breath, she told us that John Snyder was in danger of going to jail for using his name on canned bean packages. The rival company, hearing of his success, had made him stop selling on the claim that he had taken their name while in truth they had taken his.

That evening we went to the alumni banquet at the Andrews. It was a swell affair. There was a large attendance, both strangers and acquaintances. While drifting among the crowd I came across T. Mizuo who was there with his famous Japanese band, who were to furnish music for the evening.

Clifford Tanner was there and when I was able to get off to talk with him, I found that he was prospering in his line of work. It seems that while his line is strange, yet he is successful. He is poundmaster and dogcatcher for Los Angeles City.

Probably the most famous members of our class which we met were Miss Shipsey and Miss Schulze. Miss Schulze had won fame because she was the founder of the Home for Orphaned Chimpanzee. Miss Shipsey was also prominent in scientific circles on account of her discovery which had settled the question that had so long puzzled science, namely, "Which is heavier, a hole from a doughnut or a hole from a Swiss cheese?"

Merton Weymouth was there in all his glory. He posed as a self-made man and was always willing to tell us how he achieved success. From his story I gathered that he has invented the most remarkable machine the world had ever seen. It is a blessing to the farmer and a saver of household drudgery for the farmer's wife. This remarkable machine is attached to a cow and by the power developed from the cow switching her tail the animal is milked, the cradle is rocked, the washing machine run and butter churned. Mr. Chas. Hamaker was traveling salesman for Weymouth's invention and I noticed he placed a large order with Fred Southard, so I think Red won't have to exceed the speed limit in getting back from Avila after the new machines are delivered.

Talking with some of the crowd I heard that Miss Knight had made an unqualified success in life with a matrimonial agency which she had estab-

lished. I understand that if a party wishes to marry she will guarantee to get a husband or wife as the case demands.

When the banquet was over, a fine program was enjoyed but the best of all was left until the last, when the famous vaudeville team, Campbell and Cooper, gave a clever little skit in which Cooper danced the modernized "Bunny Hug," accompanied by his teammate, after which they sang the heart-touching ballad, entitled "Who Hit Mary on the Freckle With a Pea."

As the crowd broke up my partner and I thought that it would be a good time to pass out a few of our business cards.

On the cards one read:

MITCHELL AND SIBLEY

(Inc.)

Junk Dealers.

Everything Bought and Sold.

In God We Trust—Others Pay Cash.

CRIMINAL RECORD OF SENIOR CLASS.

I.

Name—Hazel Brew. Alias—Shorty.
Cell—Front steps of D. S. Building.
Crime—Convicted of stealing tinbale cases from D. S. pantry.
Fine—One cent.
Identity—Full round face. Height, 2 ft. 6 in. Age, 6 weeks.

II.

Name—Margaret Campbell. Alias—Sweet Margret.
Cell—Drawing room.
Crime—(1) Leading Woman's Civic Club in a saloon riot.
Sentence—Fifteen years in state penitentiary.
Crime—(2) Convicted of stealing rides on milk wagons.
Fine—\$1.23.
Identity—Light in both head and complexion. Peculiar facial expressions—one tooth missing in front. Age 35 years.

III.

Name—Jewel Cooper. Alias—Jewelle.
Cell—Primary grade class room, Court School.
Crime—(1) Murdering wife and two children; (2) disturbing the peace.
Sentence—(1) Two days county jail; (2) life imprisonment.
Identity—Tall, dark, very polite. Peculiarity of speaking to every one at all places, and over-generosity with motorcycle.

IV.

Name—Mark Edmonds. Alias—Mark-M-ark.
Cell—Carpenter shop.
Crime—(1) Intemperance; (2) butchering wood.
Sentence—(1) Thirty days; (2) ten special lessons from "Johnnie."
Crime—(3) Sued for divorce for non-support.
Identity—Incongruous. Age 10 years.

V.

Name—Michael Erburu. Alias—Mike.
Cell—Rough-neck headquarters.
Crime—(1) Forgery; (2) intemperance; (3) vagrancy.
Sentence—(1) Six months; (2) four years; (3) life imprisonment.
Identity—Very pale and thin. Innocent expression.

VI.

Name—Eva Fridley. Alias—Little Eva.
Cell—Duffy Parlor.
Crime—(1) Robbing the cradle; (2) infringing on copyright of Hale's Variety Store (?) in Dressmaking and Remodeling.
Sentence—(1) Three years; (2) five such suits to be given to same company.
Identity—Tall and stout. Age, legal.

VII.

Name—Baptiste Fiscalini. Alias—Fisky.
Cell—History Class.
Crime—Anarchist, convicted of depriving "Hi" of affections of one Peggy by assassination of same affections.

Sentence—Banishment from History Class to shady nook on lawn.
Identity—Handsome face, rather stout, three-quarter length shirt. Age 20.

VIII.

Name—Olga Grizzle. Alias—Algea.
Cell—Condit's Class Room.
Crime—Charged with stealing affections of spouse from former fiancée.
Fined—\$2.36.
Identity—(Dignified and refined)? Age—Rather young.

IX.

Name—Charles Hamaker. Alias—Chillie Ham.
Cell—Geometry Class.
Crime—Robbing Nipomo Department Store.
Sentence—Ninety-one years. (At present in Agnew's Asylum to secure the safety of the general public.)
Identity—Rough-housing. Age—Uncertain.

X.

Name—Sophia Huchting. Alias—Aye, Aye.
Cell—Holly Berry Bush No. 1.
Crime—(1) Disturbing the Botany Class by frightening all reptiles on premises; (2) Suspected of murdering a frog, also a little rabbit.
Sentence—(1) Pending. (2) Three years' imprisonment.
Identity—Tall blond. Age—20 years.

XI.

Name—Florence Knight. Alias—Flossie.
Cell—Home.
Crime—(1) Contempt of court, and of Polytechnic Attendance Committee; (2) Accused of being original.
Sentence—(1) Private. Unknown to the public; (2) Two years plus one in algebra class.
Identity—Many peculiarities, principally illness. Age—43 years, 6 months, 2 days.

XII.

Name—Bernard Murry. Alias—Towser.
Cell—Trig. Class.
Crime—Convicted of stealing a baby buggy.
Sentence—Fined fifty dollars, or picnic lunch for two, sewing and home work taken with them. (At present a grave digger.)
Identity—Tall blonde, straight nose, "Handsome," Mamma's Boy. Age—5 years.

XIII.

Name—Donald Mitchell. Alias—"Rockefeller."
Cell—Athletic Field.
Crime—Murder of a Vice-President of a State school.
Sentence—Twenty-four hours in criminal insane department.
Identity—Short but sweet.

XIV.

Name—T. Mizuo. Alias—Mitzuma.
Cell—Anywhere.
Crime—Petit larceny, kidnaping two young Polytechnic girls, by whom he was employed as cook, while attending school.
Sentence—Sixty days in county jail.
Identity—Smiling. Age—27 years.

XV.

Name—Alben Noren. Alias—Little Swede.
 Cell—Dairy-barn.
 Crime—Grand larceny, stealing infants' clothes from line on premises of the Polytechnic State Institution.
 Sentence—Three years at Folsom.
 Identity—Talkative, slow and easy. Age (Guess).

XVI.

Name—John Perozzi. Alias—Flirt.
 Cell—C. P. S.
 Crime—Exceeding speed limit across the lawn.
 Sentence—Capital punishment.
 Identity—Soberness broken by a gentle smile.

XVII.

Name—Cora Schulze. Alias—Cora.
 Crime—Convicted of obtaining excuses because of taking of Basketball pictures—(on circus day).
 Sentence—Three final ex's in Botany or detained until all work is made up.
 Identity—Small, height three feet, and giddy. Age 3 years.

XVIII.

Name—Marguerite Shipsey. Alias—Peggy.
 Cell—Shady nook on front lawn (?).
 Crime—(1) Disturbing the peace by melodious singing at all hours of day and night; (2) Infringing on rights of Teddy Roosevelt by overcoming the "obstickhell" of learning Webster's by the use of phonetic spelling.
 Fine—Five dollars.
 Sentence—Ninety years in English room at Polytechnic.
 Identity—Quietness (Nit). Age—Old.

XIX.

Name—Cassius Sibley. Alias—Porkie.
 Cell—No. 1.
 Crime—(1) Former justice of the peace of Watts recalled for giving decisions in Latin; (2) For being mascot in senior baseball game; (3) Sued for breach of promise.
 Sentence—Ten years.
 Identity—Large bump at front and back of head. Age—22 years.

XX.

Name—William T. Shipsey. Alias—Bill, the Irish Nigger.
 Cell—Power House.
 Crime—Stealing holly berries.
 Sentence—Kept busy in power house for six months, day and night.
 (At present in home for feeble minded.)
 Identity—Weak ankle. Age—45 years.

XXI.

Name—John Snyder. Alias—Sny.
 Cell—Duffy Parlor.
 Crime—(1) Stealing heart of one, Eva; (2) Fighting over spilt milk.
 Fine—Sixty cents.
 Sentence—Six months in Stover's Sanitarium.
 Identity—Smiling. Age—2 years, 6 months.

XXII.

Name—Clifford Tanner. Alias—Morro Rock.

Cell—The Stage.

Crime—Attempting to blow up history class, suspected of plotting assassination of history teacher by means of a firecracker.

Sentence—Capital punishment or \$2 fine.

Identity—The Morro Sport. Age 30 years.

XXIII.

Name—Charles Swartz. Alias—Hi.

Cell—Smoking parlors across the track.

Crime—Successively committing suicide.

Sentence—Six months in county jail.

Identity—Little Fatty.

XXIV.

Name—Fred Southard. Alias—Red.

Cell—Heart of school teacher.

Crime—Disturbing the peace in Emporium at Edna by trying to force fiancée to purchase wedding gown to match his auburn hair.

Sentence—Life imprisonment.

Identity—Gracefulness. Age—20 years, 11 months, 10 days.

XXV.

Name—Merton Weymouth. Alias—Mert.

Cell—Changeable.

Crime—Pettit larceny, stealing all eatables left over from receptions; also suspected of making away with eatables stored in basement range for bacterial purposes. (At present in county hospital with ptomaine poisoning.)

Sentence—Suspended until recovery, probably light as starvation prompted act.

Identity—Former manager of "The Freshman," where he gained notoriety. Age—Six months.

Message just received stating that all those who were in any way implicated in making these records public are sentenced to immediate death.

CLASS SONG.

(Tune—California For Mine.)

Our lessons are completed,
Our class is not defeated;
Our number we compute at twenty-five,
We're noted for our cooking;
We surely are good looking,
Our farmers and mechanics are alive
With purposes unbending,
To school we have been wending
For three full years of work and fun,
We care for worth not praises;
For deeds not noble phrases,
We have our lessons done.

CHORUS.

Polytechnic School for me;
To you I'm very true,
There's no school that I can see,
Where such honor and praise are due,
We'll think of you when far from here;
Our love will never die,
Now good-bye our Alma Mater dear,
Polytechnic—Good-bye.

EVA FRIDLEY,
MICHAEL ERBURU.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE SPADE.

This spade and the care of it, has been intrusted to the class of 1912 by our predecessors, in accordance with a well-established custom originated by Polytechnic's first class, that of 1906. With this spade they planted their class tree; with it the classes which followed have each planted theirs. Today it has been used by us to bury our class woes, and to plant the tree which shall stand as a memorial to us in days to come. Now we must pass it on to next year's Seniors, that the will of the pioneer class of Polytechnic be not disregarded.

Worthy President of the Junior Class, on behalf of the class of 1912, I bestow on you and your class, the duty of keeping and safeguarding this relic for the period of one year, after which it shall be entrusted to the care of those following in your footsteps. With the charge of this spade goes the wish that all of our happiness and success be yours in your Senior year.

W. T. SHIPSEY,
Senior Class President.

Response by Junior President.

Custodian of the Spade, Honorable Seniors, fellow students, and friends:

In behalf of the members of the 1913 class, I accept with pleasure the future guardianship of this spade and I assure you that it will be one of the strongest endeavors of our class to guard it carefully through our Senior year.

We shall also endeavor to uphold the high ideals of "true Polyism" that the 1912 Class have set before us.

To you, Class of 1912, we of the '13 Class wish the best of success and happiness in the various vocations to which you shall be called.

FRANK J. McLAIN.



"Well, hello there. Where did you spring from? Sit right here and tell me what you've been doing since. I saw you last June. Shall I see you at Poly, this coming commencement?"

"I should say you will, I don't think I shall be there for a while though. I suppose you are going to see the 'Freshman'? How is old Poly? They say we are to put through twenty-five this year."

"That's a large class. Last year we had sixteen, and the way we treated them wasn't slow, but before the train starts, I'll make myself comfortable and go right along with you,—back over those old times."

"First there was a banquet at the 'Andrews'. I remember that perfectly well because I've never had a feed like that one since. Then they cleared the floor for us and we had a dance. It was pretty late when the dance broke up, and those sixteen new members were a blue looking bunch when they left."

"I never have seen a class graduate from Poly yet that didn't look as though they were leaving something behind."

"We will see most of the sixteen back this commencement. They always show up, and it's mighty good to meet them all again, too. Some do not wander a great way from the school. The sugar factory at Betteravia always has several.

"Fred Markloff is working in the chemistry department, now.

"Lawrence Swerdferger is keeping him company.

"Mac Brumley is at home in San Luis Obispo.

"John Flint is farming in Winchester, Riverside County.

"Wheeler King, the old Student Body President, is in business with his father in Sacramento.

"Chester Freeman is now in Santa Maria.

"Charles Baker teaches mechanical drawing at Poly.

"Charles Baumgardner is surveying in Los Angeles.

"Harvey Strobridge is engineer at a sugar refinery at Howard.

"Did you know that Donald Cox was married? Yes, he makes his home in Watsonville.

"Harold Rielly is working with his father, who is warden of the prison at Folsom.

"They tell me Jack Leonard was visiting at Poly a while ago and will be there to join us at the Alumni reception. He makes his home in Sacramento.

"Effie Hilliard is attending the Normal School at San Jose.
 "Walter Roselip is working for the State Highway Commission.
 "George Herring is tool dressing at Victorville.
 "Anson Pearce lives at Ingomar."
 "Well, how about the twenty-one that graduated the year before?"
 "That was a jolly class. There's Alma Miossi and Dora Bergh, both in San Luis, and you are apt to see them any time you drop in.
 "Judith Curtiss, until she was married, has been teaching school in San Diego County.
 "Edgar Duncan is farming at Ceres.
 "Fletcher Hayward is in business with his father at Pasadena.
 "Floyd Patterson is at Lockwood, in Monterey County.
 "John Taylor graduated from Chico Normal, where he was Student Body president. He is now teaching school.
 "William Shaw works for the Highway Commission in San Diego.
 "Ray Evans is farming at Cambria.
 "Walter Kendall is at Leemore.
 "Arthur Elberg is farming at his father's ranch in the San Joaquin Valley.
 "Mrs. Velma Pearson Bell lives in Los Angeles.
 "Earnest Yates works in the chemistry department at the Betteravia sugar factory.
 "George Buck is at Modesto, where he is farming.
 "Henry Berkenmeyer is in San Luis Obispo.
 "Hertha Schulze is attending Normal at San Jose.
 "Roland Curtis is farming at Claremont.
 "Elizabeth Holloway is attending Normal at San Francisco.
 "Louis Colhart's home is in Los Banos.
 "Salma Wyss is at home in Klaw.
 "That was the class of '10. Then, there was the class of '09, the largest before, or since. It brought the number of Alumni from forty members to seventy, and with the coming twenty-five, there will be one hundred thirty-two in all."
 "Tell me who the thirty were; I've almost forgotten the class of '09."
 "There's John Adams, Oliver Boone, Alonzo Cananza, Irving Davis, Eugene Fiedler, Annet Girard, Hazel Griffith, Rachel Gould, Harvey Hall, George Hopkins, Peter Knudson, Othello Lynn, Minnie Lomax, Flossie Matasci, Lee McDowell, Elmer Murphy, Kenneth Beck, Tsunejiro Ashida, Attlio Pezoni, Rachel Ramage, Arthur Sauer, J. Ralph Shoemaker, Alan Stone, George Tilton, Frank Walbridge, Beulah Watson, La Rue Watson, Hazel Wood and Glen Wood."
 "Well, you're as good as an encyclopedia. Look at that gap between those mountains. Doesn't that remind you of the grade back of Poly? Don't you remember how the school looked, with the lights in every building? When the boys in the power house worked over time, it was a sight from the grade and on those Alumni nights when they gave a dance in the assembly hall you could assure yourself of the best of times."
 "I remember the old class of '08. There were Ida Bachmann (Mrs. John Adams), Earl Campbell, Mary Cheda, Earnest Curtis, Alfred Dixon, Valentine Drougard, Valenti Dolcini, Ruth Gould (Mrs. Harry Perry), Avery Kennedy, Eizo Kondo, Roy Luchessa, Bernard Miossi, Earl Pearce, Ruben Sebastian, and Clara Stringfield (Mrs. Marion Rice).
 "That was another class of lucky sixteen. The class of '07 had fifteen. They were Esther Biaginni, Francis Buck, Clara Dodge (Mrs. Rings), Allen

Emmert, Alfred Miossi, Florence Muscio, Henry Pezoni, Annie Schneider (Mrs. Ralph Gardner), Eugene Steinbeck, Alberta Stringfield (Mrs. Rae Owe), Ella Fanner, Myron Thomas, Jeanne Font and George Wilson.

"The first class that graduated had eight members out of the seventeen that entered for the first time two years before."

"Who were they?"

"Lillian Fox, Irene Reghetti (Mrs. F. Parsons), Laura Reghetti (Mrs. E. Yates), Floyd Font, Katharine Twombly, Gustave Wade, Henry Wade, and—well, here's my train. Tell every one in San Luis, hello, for me.

CORA SCHULZE.





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THE LAST OF THE AZTECS	HELEN SANDERCOCK

AN AFTERNOON OF PLEASURE.

"Haste thee, Mary, or we will miss the boat for the Globe. It is now the second hour past mid-day and the play starts at the third."

We soon reach a narrow street, reeking with filth from which vile odors arise. This leads to the Thames. Reaching the river, we find our boat waiting. Stepping into the boat, we are rowed to the landing of the Globe Theater, for it is here we are to see a new player, a certain William Shakespeare, appear in his own drama, "The Merchant of Venice."

As we approach the theater, a trumpeter appears at the large door and blows several blasts on his trumpet. This is the last warning before starting the play.

We enter the theater, ascend some narrow stairs, and seat ourselves in a private stall. Among the gentlemen seated on the stage we recognize many of our friends, who bow with many flourishes to Lady Mary.

The theater is a large, six-sided wooden building, roofed over above the stage and thatched, the pit or yard being without shelter from the sun or rain. Galleries run around the walls, as in the inn-yards. The stage projects into the pit, which is alive with a disorderly crowd that stand on the bare ground, joking, fighting and shoving each other, to gain the best places.

Three handsome nobles, lavishly dressed in silk doublet and hose with large silk cloaks, enter the stall next to ours. One of the gentlemen is much older than the others, and, by his appearance, one judges him to be a naval officer.

It is nearly time for the play to begin, and the crowd in the pit is becoming restless. A small boy goes about selling tobacco, and furnishing lights for the smokers. The air is blue with smoke, and vile odors arise from the breath of the people in the pit.

The trumpets are sounding for the third time, the curtain is raised, and an actor, dressed in a black velvet mantle, struts forward, bowing to the audience. He is the Prologuer.

The curtain never drops. It is one continual performance, with a slight change of scenery, and placards announcing the place in which the action is supposed to be happening.

The prologue ends. A placard is hung out announcing the first act. The stage is nearly devoid of scenery, but is supposed to represent a street scene in Venice. Three actors enter and begin a conversation.

The place of action now changes to a room in a palace, in Belmont. Two ladies are seated in the room joking with each other. (In truth they are not ladies but young men made up like ladies). The young gallant sitting near the stage begins to joke with the ladies.

The play goes on from scene to scene until finally, the place of action has changed to a court room in Venice. An old Jew is seen whetting a long knife, which he has taken from his robe. Before him stands a Merchant Prince with his breast bare. The Jew intends to cut off a pound of this merchant's flesh. The part of the merchant is being taken by Shakespeare. A young lawyer enters the court and after considerable argument saves the life of the merchant, and the Jew is punished for attempting the life of a citizen.

The play ends. The people in the pit crowd toward the door, pushing one another in their hurry to get out.

We leave the theater and hasten to the river, for it is nearly five o'clock. Finding our boat waiting, we step in with some other people, amongst whom are the three nobles we have seen before.

Landing on the opposite bank, we make our way to a narrow street leading to our home. The three nobles, being a short distance in front of us, pick-

ing their way through the filth and stagnant pools of water along the street. Presently, a very lavishly dressed lady with a corps of liveried attendants comes down the marble steps of a palace into the street; we quickly see it is the good Queen Bess. She stops and hesitates before crossing in her chaise. The three nobles approach the Queen. The oldest of the three, seeing her hesitate, quickly takes off his large cloak and spreads it on the ground for her to walk across.

The Queen recognizes her courtiers with a nod and smile and a, —

"Thank ye, gallant Sir Walter."

All stand uncovered as she steps into her chaise and we pick our way through the now darkened street to our home.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A CAFETERIA.

We were so hungry after being in the water that we decided not to wait for a table in the restaurant.

Mrs. Smith, who knew all about Santa Cruz, declared we must go to the cafeteria. As I had never been in one, I was anxious to see what it was like, so in we went.

I noticed one side of the room was lined with tables covered with dishes, filled with different things; and men and women were standing behind the tables, dishing the things out. I hadn't the slightest idea what to do, so I followed the others.

First we stopped at one table and got a tray with a plate, knives, forks, and spoons. The next table had different soups and bouillions on it. I did not care for any, so I passed on to the next one.

I saw some very nice chicken croquettes in a dish and said I wished one, when, to my horror, the man behind the table dished it out with his hand and slapped it on my plate, shouting "Next" to the person standing behind me. I was dumb-founded but managed to move on. At the next table I asked for something which it would require a spoon to serve.

At each table was a different thing and after we had all we wanted on a tray we carried the whole lot over to a table and began to eat.

While I ate, I watched the people around me and it was very laughable to watch the different ways in which different people carried their trays. I noticed one old man who grasped his tray firmly on both sides and peered over the top of it in a bewildered sort of way. When he saw an empty table he made his way cautiously toward it. When he reached it he seemed in a dilemma as to the proper way to set his tray down. After much twisting and maneuvering it was safely set down and he heaved a sigh of relief as at a deed well done.

Others carried their trays with an ease that showed practice and a familiarity with cafeterias. Some carried their trays in a tipsy sort of fashion and as they passed the different tables every one ducked his head as they passed by expecting to feel hot soup running down his back the next minute.

One young man grew so excited that he dropped his tray, and dishes, buns, meat, potatoes and pie rolled on the floor. The young man's face colored while he nervously stood first on one foot then on the other, looking at the mess. At length some one took pity on him and helped him pick the things up.

After finishing our meal we took the checks which had been given us to the door, paid our bills and departed; while I for one was much the wiser after the experience.

MARGARET CAMPBELL.

HOW THE GOBLINS GOT HIM.

Mary was sitting in the parlor reading a novel. The hour was not late, but the big house seemed frightfully still and lonely. She probably would have done the usual girl's trick and gone around the house, locking doors and windows and then leaving lights on in every room, if it hadn't been for the comforting fact that her big brother Tom was upstairs asleep.

Although the book was very interesting, every now and then her mind drifted from the story and she wondered irritably what could have happened to make Floyd Bowen cancel the "date" with her. He had called her up early that afternoon and arranged that they should attend the latest musical comedy. Later in the evening he had telephoned to cancel the engagement. She was almost ready when the second call had come and she was naturally very much provoked when he had informed her that he couldn't come. He seemed to be greatly excited and spoke so rapidly that out of a long jumble of explanations she only caught the statement that the "goblins" had got him. Her curiosity was aroused and her active mind was trying to figure out what on earth was the matter with Floyd that he should spoil her evening of pleasure and then offer such a ridiculous excuse for it. She wondered if it could have been possible that Floyd had been drinking and she resolved to hold a rigid inquisition the next time they met.

She had just finished the book; the villain had been foiled, and the hero and the heroine, after many trials and tribulations, had been married and proposed to live happily ever after, when the door bell buzzed. She stepped quickly to the door, snapped on the porch light, threw the door wide open and then stood petrified with surprise. The sight that met her eyes was indeed startling. There in the center of the porch stood Floyd Bowen. He was clad in a long, flowing night shirt and a peaked night cap. His feet were adorned with a pair of gayly decorated carpet slippers. To put the finishing touches on this costume he carried in one hand a huge brass candlestick containing a lighted candle.

As she stood staring at him in speechless amazement, he stumbled mechanically:

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

A terrible fear came over her that Floyd had lost his reason or that he was sadly intoxicated. She was eyeing him closely to determine which was the correct supposition when she heard a low chuckle and peering out through the darkness she dimly saw about a dozen dark forms around the front gate. At once an inkling of the true state of affairs flashed over her mind.

She violently interrupted the recital of the adventures of Mary and her lamb by seizing him by the arm and pulling him inside and slamming the door. As soon as the door closed he burst forth into a torrent of explanations. It seems that he had tried very hard to get into a senior club, called "The Goblins," and he had at last succeeded. That evening as he was on his way to keep his engagement he met the whole Goblin outfit. They were walking up and down the street looking for something to occupy the time until the theater opened. He stopped and talked with them for a few minutes and before he could get away it occurred to one of them that Bowen hadn't been initiated yet.

Immediately they began marching him toward their club house and although he threatened, argued, and pleaded, it was of no avail.

The Goblins were noted for their initiating ceremonies but the one they favored Bowen with was even worse than the usual one. They put him through without mercy and although they did allow him a couple of minutes' intermission to telephone to "her" that it was impossible for him to call around that evening because the Goblins had got him, when they had finished he was nearly exhausted.

From the telephone message they learned where he was going and this was an inspiration to one of the Goblins who thought of having Bowen make a call in dishabille. The plan was well carried out but they were rather disconcerted when their victim was pulled into the house for they hadn't finished with him.

When Mary had heard his tale she thought a few minutes until she had formulated a plan and then proceeded to put it into operation. She went upstairs, roused Tom, told him the circumstances of affairs and obtained a pair of shoes and a hat which were all the clothes that Bowen lacked, and then when she heard the door bell she sent Tom down to answer it. As the porch light wasn't on and because one fellow in a night shirt looks a good deal like another, the fellow grabbed Tom and marched him off and Tom, thinking it a good joke, kept still.

Down the street a couple of blocks was a large house that was occupied by women students of the college who had clubbed together and were keeping house on their own account. In the rear of this house was a wood shed and in this wood shed the Goblins placed Tom and then very carefully locked the door, which done they made their way to the theater where they had reserved seats in advance.

Bowen and his lady were calmly enjoying the second act of the play, when they heard a slight commotion behind them. On looking around they discovered that the row in back of them was being filled by the Goblin tribe. Before their look of surprised recognition had had time to fade from their faces, Bowen said in an imitation of the manner with which he had recited about Mary earlier in the evening:

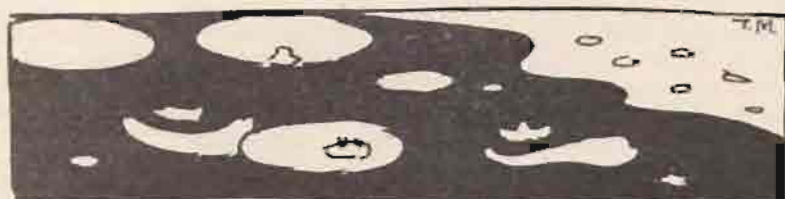
"Mary had a little lamb,
Of this you've heard no doubt,
And it is also very true
The Goblins will not get you,
If you just watch out."

D. M., '12.

A LAW.

The surface of the pond was like a large looking glass, and there was a full moon reflected clearly on it. As I stood on the bank, watching and thinking, a little fish came up to the surface. The surface of the water was disturbed, and the reflection of the moon broken. But in a few moments, peace was restored. The moon shone brighter than before on the beautiful pond surrounded by the wood.

The laws of nature cannot be diverted from their course.



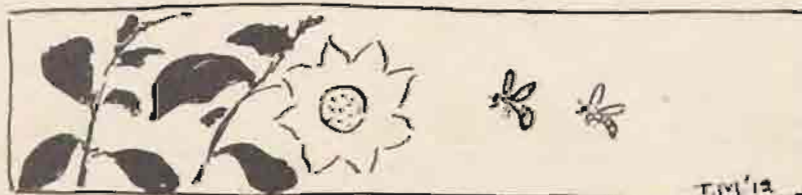
A SKY-LARK.

O dear sky-lark! A messenger of spring!

When you come, you come with the spring, and when you leave, you leave with the spring!

You are enjoying the beautiful spring, and singing of her song. You do not visit the flower, neither do sing in the trees, but in the azure sky! You love the Heavens better than flowers or trees!

Oh sky-lark! A messenger of spring! How beautiful and joyful the place, which you love, must be!





A DUSKY SKY.

The sun is just going down beyond the range, a cloud which glanced like fire is losing its brightness minute by minute. Look! There is the boundary between light and darkness!

Soon the light is gone, the darkness follows. At that moment I felt the shadow of darkness in my soul.

A darkness! Oh darkness! You will hide everything under your mantle! But that little twinkling star, you can not hide. Though it is small, it is a light in the Heavens!

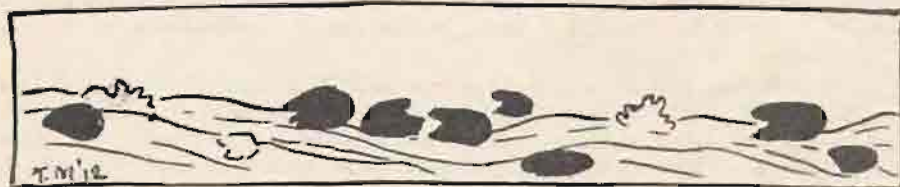


THE EVENING,

The evening sun goes down quietly. Following it, the curtain of obscurity falls slowly. The clouds which floated in the sky, hide themselves in yonder mountain. I am standing near the brooklet in the field. A star is mirrored on the surface of the water. Suddenly a frog jumps in and breaks the reflection of the star. Again the silence is restored.

I turn myself to the right; there I see a farmer leading a cow down the hill. In a few moments he passes by me, and is lost in the wood in the darkness. But the drowsy mooring and peaceful ringing of a bell are heard through the wood.

Here! Everybody goes to rest after a day's task! Oh! God! Let us have a peaceful rest!



MR. CHUCK CLARK OF CASPER.

A sad coyote, on a distant butte, made dismal protest of his unhappy state, in a voice of ventriloquistic despair. Overhead, ten thousand stars blazed with lustre and brilliance inconceivable to dwellers of the lower altitudes. The restless night wind of Wyoming roamed hungrily over the vast expanse of plain, ever seeking, seeking but never finding.

Around the fading camp fire, in a slight draw or gulch protected from the keen edge of the troubled wind, a glowing circle of cigarette points vainly rivaled the more brilliant lights above them. Other immediate indications of the presence of some twenty members of the round-up there was none. Aside from the intermittent plaint of the overburdened coyote and the despairing monotone of his kindred spirit, the night wind, no sound obtruded upon the height and breadth and vastness of the night.

Long Shorty flipped his cigarette butt, with practiced thumb and finger, into the dull glowing heap of sage brush embers, shifted his recumbent lankiness into an untried posture, and, apropos of nothing at all, remarked to the assembled circle of cow-punchers, "I seen Chuck Clark in Lone Jack's when I was to Casper last week." This remark was received with profound silence. To one unaccustomed to the studied indifference of the cow-camp, this reception of a conversational opening would have seemed discouraging. Not so to Long Shorty. He proceeded.

"Yep. He just recent come back from seein' Frisco and Californy. Dead broke acourse, sleeping on the floor of Lone Jack's back card room and getting meals on tick offen Irish Jimmy what runs the 'Poodle Dog.' He's only awaitin' for some of the Two Bar bunch to come into town and git him.

"You all know about his drawin' four months' back pay and putting up his hoss, saddle and outfit for a six months' advance from his boss. He said, you recollect, as how he was agoin' to git some good outen his money for once, in place of passing the roll to some bar-keep or tin-horn.

"No sir! You betcher! He was agoin' to see something of life and get a little of this here polish and education from travel as that there school-marm over on Little Medicine said could be did. And so, not thinking much of the effete East as a dumping ground for his wealth, Chuck turns his back most contemptuous on the aloorments of Omaha and Kansas City and beholds the path of empire a meandering to the west.

"Old Chuck goes right bang through to the Golden Gate and puts up at the Palace boarding house, as, he thinks, becomes a man of his means and supposed importance. The only speck o' sense he showed was in buying a two ways ticket and giving the return check to the Palace clerk for safe keeping.

"Well, for a few days, I reckon, he was plumb dazed with the size of the burg and the noise and the rush of people, him having never been in no bigger place than Cheyenne, on Frontier Day, which speck on the plains, Chuck most natural thought must stack up tolerable well with New York, Denver and Frisco. It was a hard jolt, but being in the cause of education, he managed to convalesce.

"About which period he met up with a individual from the wilds of Texas, one Thomas White by name, what was in about the same or similar state of mind as Chuck. It seems that this Texas Tommy traveler was some brone-squeezer, to hear him talk, having eloped some time previous with the two main cash prizes for fancy and high jumping, riding at some State Fair down

his way. So there they both was, regular babes-in-the-woods, well heeled as to chips but not knowing how to get a play for their money.

"The sea being a new toy to 'em both, they get up a powerful thirst for salt water and gotta hanging 'round the water front considerable. And of course, they discovered the Barbary Coast, all fresh and new to 'em, which little find give the boys a feeling that old Columbus might have envied.

"So they got to sleeping daytimes and doing night shift on the Coast. But as for being out on pleasure bent, they soon got so far bent they was near broke. Anything that looked like a sailor or smelled of tar or guano was a pure delight to them boys. They'd stand drink as long as any sailor's imagination would hold out.

"Wherefore it came to pass most natural, one night, for a squat, square built man, with a face made up of one eye and a lot of salt bleached whiskers, to get into conversation with these here Columbuses. And this feller tells 'em a most amazing tale of pirates in the Chinees Seas and South American filibusterers and pearl diving and dusky damsels of entrancing figger awaiting on the coral strands for to embrace the first white man what gets washed ashore.

"Directly, when he see how easy these boobbs was, this here one-eye romancer invites the boys up to his room, which same is near to hand in a sea-faring lodging joint over a beer saloon, to see some remarkable rare curios and a map of buried treasure that a dying man had give him.

"Well, acourse they didn't go! Oh, no! The hull police force couldn't have kep 'em from it. And when they gets there they is treated most hospitable to cigars and a little something to drink. You fellers can guess the rest! When they comes too they finds themselves in a dirty, nasty smelling hole of a bunk room on a old tub of a tramp steamer bound for Bombay or Moscow or some such ungodly place.

"Yessir! Just naturally shanghaied! And a easier job there never was. Of course they didn't have no idea where they was or how they landed there. But they had a roaring headache apiece and was dying for some fresh air.

"They climbs on deck powerful weak and wondering. The straw boss of the ship, or second mate I think Chuck called him, spots the two of 'em immediate and orders 'em to work in no gentle terms and when they don't climb a mast or something, not knowing what he means, he starts in to cuss 'em and they sorter understood that.

"Chuck says he never heard a sheep herder or even a mule skinner talk so bad. And it sorter peeved him, not being uster no such, so he talks back real sassy forgetting what Shakespeare says about the soft stuff that turneth away wrath.

"The mate starts for him right pronto, but Chuck ain't nankering just then for a encounter at close quarters with this here big brute. Chuck, he dodges around as best he could and, more outa habit than anything else, digs into his shirt under his arm afeeling for his gun. And right here's the funny part of the hull thing! When they was put to sleep there on shore, the guys what was adoing the job, frisked 'em hurried but thorough, as they thought, taking everything from their tobaccer to their bank roll, but, not abeing uster cow-punchers, never thought about the boys each having his Colt stung in a holster under his left arm, as is the proper way of dressing when off the range, as everybody should know.

"Well, I surr had to laugh when Chuck told me. I reckon that their mate got the surprise of his life when Chuck come through with his little old .44. Just wanting to stand the feller off and not wishing to hurt him none, Chuck put a hole through one of his big outstanding ears. I disremember

which. The mate let out a tremendous beller and grabbed up a husky oak club or bar that was used in a windlass. Instead of taking the hint and standing off, he came on madder than ever, so he brought it on himself. Chuck had to drill him between the eyes.

"But about this time the captain come a roaring up on deck, having heard the shots and the mate's racket. He had a piece o' steam pipe in one hand and a regular young cannon in the other. Chuck says he never seen no such a gun before. It was big and long, even for a hoss pistol. But before ever he had time to bring his artillery into action, Texas Tommy dropped him, T. T. having discovered his gun also.

"The balance is soon told. Leaving the Cap and Mate a wallowing in their own gore, to use a expression cherished by the best authors, the boys having the whip hand, made the crew put the ship about and head for Frisco managing to get there that night.

"You see, not being wise to ship laws and having read about awful punishments for mutiny, Chuck and Tom ain't taking no chances. They gets their stuff from the Palace in a little or no time. Tom had been paying his board bill a week at a time ahead, which was lucky, else he wouldn't have got his come-home ticket from the clerk. And when it come to good-byes, Chuck and Tom didn't stop to embrace none. I guess that 'till old Chuck crossed the Utah line into Wyoming, he expected to be nabbed any minute. But he's perked up now and sure thinks he's about the 'only oyster in the stew.'"

Upon saying which, Long Shorty laboriously removed his boots, preparatory to crawling into his blankets for the night. And once again the sad coyote on his distant butte lifted up his dismal voice in despairing protest to the inexorable stars.

BUSHES.

The day was breaking. The sun gilded the crests of San Luis and Bishop's Peaks and as this announcer of day rose higher over the San Lucia range it cast its golden rays on the domicile locally known as "Bush's."

Within the proprietor was up and busy and the good housewife was making preparations for the morning meal. In the upper section of the building calmly and peacefully snored six of Poly's hopefuls—unconscious of the proximity of that awful and always-agonizing period of the day, getting-up time.

The hands of the clock crept mercilessly around to six-forty-five and the official rouser of the house, deeming it his duty to break the blissful repose of the slumbering sextette, came from his occupation out of doors and crept stealthily up the stairs. The door at the head and right of the stairs was his usual port of first call. He opened the door cautiously and gazed into the partly shaded room. On one side of the room on a white-painted iron bed lay the "Model Athlete," wrapped in slumber and tumbled bed clothes. On the other bed across the room lay the "Tiny Cherub," Stonie with one pink pedal extremity poked beyond the confines of the covers to greet the first rays of the morning sun, and with his head hanging in a perilous position over the side of the bed. Both occupants of the room snored away in blissful ignorance of the presence of their tormentor.

"Stonie!!—Joe!!—Breakfast!!—These three words uttered sharply by the rouser, familiarly known as "Doc," had the desired effect.

"Yeh—getting up," murmured the athlete, who postponed his dreams for a sufficient length of time to make the assuring remark.

"All right, 'Doc,' Be up in a minute," fibbed the drowsy Cherub.

The rest of the house, out of habit, was on the alert and had the semblance of partial wakefulness after hearing this customary dialogue. Mike answered to the next call with an eagerness that was anything but assuring, but "Doc," knowing the ways of men and angels, proceeded on his trip to the sanctum of the Journal Editor and Josher. A ready response to his question of wakefulness by these two caused the dispenser of misery to progress to the den of "Red the Rough," where his endeavors to instill consciousness into that individual would have been cause for alarm to any but an experienced rouser.

After performing this duty with his usual thoroughness "Doc," although knowing it to be only a preliminary measure towards the desired end, proceeded down the stairs to resume his interrupted work.

The minutes passed rapidly along towards seven-fifteen without further sign of action on the part of the supposedly wakeful ones.

A horn blown from the region of the kitchen intimated by its sharp blasts that time was flying and that few more warnings were to be given. The blast of the horn struck each of six guilty consciences with a decided jolt. The Journal Editor sprang from his bed, donned his clothes in double quick time and proceeded to soothe his conscience by going the rounds and strenuously arguing the necessity for immediate action on the part of the other five again-sleeping ones. The original port of first call he visited. All quiet.

"Stonie, you going to get up?"

"Yaa—Uz-z-z-z Uz-z-z Uz-z-z."

"Well pile out then. Joe!! Joe! Dutch! Get to thunder out of that bed. Breakfast's ready."

The Editor failed to see the humor of being the only early bird of the bunch while the rest slumbered on.

"Joe—Joe—, you blamed Dutchman, get out of there or I'll bust this broom on that thick head of yours," again threatened the irate Editor.

"O, Yee, go way. Let me sleep just one more minute and——"

"One more minute be hanged. Get out of there in one more second or——"

"I'll get up—I'll get up. Don't soak me with that broom. Go make Stonie get up first. Watch out—can't you see I'm getting up?"—with which pleading the athlete does collect enough courage to crawl out onto the cold floor in a state of semi-stupor.

Turning to the Cherub the Editor found both eyes closed and nothing on the prostrate form of that dignitary, but sleep occupying his gentle brain.

A fling of the bed clothes, a quick jerk by the leg and the Assistant Manager found himself dumped ingloriously on the floor. As he picked himself up he voiced the very sensible remark, "Well, I suppose I might as well get up now."

The Jasher could now be heard stirring himself, also the Red, but the Treasurer, through all the disturbance, gurgled snores in his face as though nothing had happened.

The Editor here found himself relieved of his job, for Stonie, awake and fully dressed, found it incumbent on him to put a quietus to the bliss of the sleeping Treasurer by taking a run and jump and landing anything but lightly.

A grunt, a howl and the money magnate was up and on the war path—his sleepy eyes seeking subjects on which to wreak his vengeance.

A mighty turmoil and disturbance ensued which was punctuated by blasts from the now indignant horn from the kitchen. All hands joined in the yell, "Yes, coming down," by which token the lower house knew that all members were awake if not dressed.

Amid various scuffles and conflicts the dressing and ablutions were performed. As the toilet of the athlete was in process, fragments of a vocal rendition of "Baby Rose" or the "Old Mill Stream" could be heard.

Finally the bunch congregated around the board and amidst a recount of the previous night's escapades and adventures the meal was eaten.

As the sextette left the table and straggled out upon the sun warmed porch the fact suddenly dawned on the Cherub that a removal of a few facial hairs was a vital necessity before facing the work of the day. Working on the theory "that it's better to do others than to be done," the Cherub turned to Red with the inquiry, "Say, Mendy, you going to give me a shave before I go to school?"

"Nope, ain't got time," the Red heartlessly declared.

"Well, it's a fright if I've got to go shave myself. The time I put in shaving would make me rich if I'd work," declared the tiny person. "I was figuring up the other day how much time and effort I would waste in shaving if I lived to be eighty. I figure my beard grows about a quarter of an inch a day and"—

"Haw, haw, haw," howled the attentive audience interrupting the speaker abruptly.

"Naw, I meant in a week. You fellows knew I meant a week. Well, my beard grows a quarter of an inch a week. That's an inch a month. In a year it would be—let's see—in a year it would be a foot long. Then if I live to be eighty—"

"If you don't shut up that fool talk you'll never see the shady side of twenty-one," again interrupted one of the quintette.

"Aw you dry up, will you?" invited the speaker. "If I live to be eighty

and count from now that would make sixty feet. Gosh, that's awful," meditated the Cherub.

"Why don't you let it grow and have a hair rope made out of it?" inquired the Joser.

"Aw get gay why don't you? I was going to remark that if the hair was tied together, end to end, it would be long enough to reach from here to the top of Bishop's Peak and if I wrapped it around my waist it would go around over six thousand times, and if—"

"Say, for the love of Pete, what brand you been drinking, anyway? You talk like a man in a well. I never heard you get wound up in no such fashion as this befoe," announced the Treasurer.

"Yes, I was thinking somebody must have soaked him over the bean with a club," seconded the athletic Dutchman.

"Shut up you fellows," howled the orator. "I was going to say that if it takes fifteen minutes for me to shave and if I shave twice a week, in a year that would make twenty-six hours and in sixty years would be over two months of my life spent shaving. In that length of time if I had a good job and worked I could make a hundred and sixty dollars, and—"

"Aw, somebody put the poor little thing out of its misery," volunteered the Editor. "Get a move on you, if you're going to shave, and don't stand here and run off at the face so much. You'll give the whole bunch a brain storm trying to keep track of your analogies. It's pretty near a quarter to nine. Get a tickle in your feet and make a noise like getting ready for school."

THE LAST OF THE AZTECS.

Many years ago, while visiting my friend, Kane, in Tia Juana, he invited me to accompany him to a fandango to be given by the scapegrace of a wealthy old Spanish family which once owned large tracts of land in Southern California and Northern Mexico. But this gay young caballero had lived at such a pace that nothing remained of his ancestral acres except a small ranch on which was situated the old adobe where the dance was to be held.

Riding south of Tia Juana we soon beheld a large two-story house, surrounded by a veranda both upstairs and down, standing on a little knoll overlooking the valley. In the yard was a crowd of Mexicans and Indians of the lowest type, loitering about, lazily watching the arrivals, smoking cigarettes, and gambling at monte, while their bronchos were picketed nearby ready to kick at every stranger. The yard was so littered with filthy serapes, saddles, and other such paraphernalia that we had to pick our way carefully to the steep, narrow stairway leading to the second story room, where the sounds of tramping of feet and the faint strumming of guitars issued. Near the stairs in the doorway of a room where alcoholic liquors were being sold stood a handsomely dressed young caballero, whom my friend introduced to me as Don Miguel Santiago, the host of the occasion. I was immediately won by the pleasant, graceful manner in which he placed himself at our service, escorting us up the stairs and offering to introduce us to all whom we might wish to meet.

But since I could not dance I contented myself with being a mere on-looker. What a motley gathering I beheld! There were by far more Mexicans and Spaniards than any other nationality, although many Americans were present, besides representatives of several other countries. Most of the Spaniards and Mexicans were dressed in black or green velvet jackets and vests gorgeously ornamented with gold buttons and braid, and their wide trousers, slashed open at the sides and bell shaped at the bottom, were similarly trimmed, while a bright red sash about the waist completed these picturesque costumes. Many of these dashing young dandies wore gold chains about their necks, while rings adorned their womanish little hands. The other lower and less prosperous Mexicans wore their leggings and huge hats just as they had ridden in from the ranchos. Most of the Americans were dressed in a very free and easy fashion, some wearing red flannel shirts, others blue flannels and frayed broadcloth coats, while all were bedecked with brilliant silk handkerchiefs and had their trousers tucked carelessly into the tops of their high-heeled boots. About their waists were belts, from which knives and pistols dangled conspicuously.

Although there were few really beautiful women in this assemblage, most of them were at least pretty and since one was so irresistibly attracted to the vivacity and grace of their manner, regularity of features was hardly necessary. They were arrayed in the most gorgeous costumes imaginable, the flashiness of which was increased by the countless ornaments of gold, silver and tinsel they flaunted.

The belle of the fandango, the most beautiful woman in the company, was a tall, regal half-breed about whom was an air of untamable wildness which was no doubt enhanced by the burning glance of her luminous black eyes, her vivid, red silk dress, and the gold dagger which held her glossy black hair in place. Jewels sparkled in her hair and ears and her rings and bracelets were magnificent.

Kane told me the story of a peculiar opal brooch she wore, which he

said had been handed down for centuries by a line of Aztec kings, of whom her mother was a descendant.

"Her father," continued Kane, "was a Castilian noble named Valdez, who, on coming to Mexico to seek his fortune, discovered the survivors of this Aztec tribe in some well-nigh inaccessible hills, fell in love with the old king's daughter, and after marrying her took her to the mines several hundred miles away. One night, unable to withstand his anger caused by her flirtations, he beat his wife, for which she took their only child and fled to her people. Just one week from that night Valdez was found dead on his own doorstep, his body mutilated with many knife wounds, while the sign of the Aztecs was traced in blood on his forehead. Five years ago, on her eighteenth birthday, Valdez's daughter, Carmencita, returned to civilization and being one of the few left of the hill tribe had many valuable heirlooms, one of which was this brooch, the opals of which were set in the same design as that traced on her murdered father's forehead. She has her father's fiery disposition, for only a few months ago she stabbed a woman to death in a fit of jealous rage."

For her own sex she evinced the deepest contempt, while they shunned her, casting stealthy glances of hatred at her, but carefully avoiding her roving eyes. But the peculiar spell of fascination she cast over the men of the company was remarkable. She was constantly surrounded by scores of infatuated admirers, laughing at her witty sallies and begging the honor of as many dances as she would give them. As the mad gaiety of the dance increased, the excited rivalry of these reckless characters forced one to a foreboding of evil.

Suddenly a stalwart American, a stranger, made his way through the group of men surrounding Carmencita Valdez and, gazing intently at her, requested a dance. Proudly lifting her flashing eyes to his she refused him point blank and with a toss of her queenly head resumed her conversation with renewed vigor. The second time he approached her it was not to request but demand a dance in a manner showing they were not mere acquaintances. Hissing something in his ear she laughed triumphantly as he recoiled horror stricken. Welcoming her new partner, she rose to dance and had made a complete circuit of the room before the stranger, standing just as she had left him, seemed to recover himself. Then, as she passed him, it seemed an ungovernable impulse that caused him to grasp her wrist and, jerking her around facing him, menacingly demanded, "You dance with me or I'll kill you!" Coldly she turned away, saying, "Senor, be careful, you are drunk." Drawing a huge knife from his belt he raised his hand as if to strike her, when Don Miguel Santiago, with whom the woman had been waltzing, grasped his upraised arm. A scuffle ensued, in to which the crowd quickly mixed, drawing knives and pistols. Suddenly a vaquero jumped upon a bench and firing several shots in rapid succession commanded, "Clear the floor. The man is stabbed." As the crowd slowly drew back, the injured man pitched headlong to the floor. Then, with a piercing cry like that of a wounded animal, Carmencita Valdez cast herself on the breast of the prostrate man, sobbing and moaning many Spanish exclamations and covering his handsome face with countless kisses. Then seeing the blood streaming from his side she frantically tore her gorgeous skirt into shreds, trying to staunch the blood gushing from his wound. Several men carried the dying man out, followed by the grief-stricken woman wildly tearing her hair.

Having no desire to watch the dancing which was resumed as though nothing had happened I retired with Kane to his room. Next day Kane

and I, with a few others besides the woman who was the cause of the tragedy, followed the corpse to the cemetery. Almost unrecognizable was the pitiable wreck of the beautiful Carmencita Valdez. Her face was inflamed and swollen with much weeping, her tragic eyes glared in a wild set stare, her hands restlessly plaited and unplaited her long black hair, while her whole form shook with heart-rending sobs. As the body was lowered it required three men, whom she fought like a wild cat, to keep her from casting herself into the grave. As soon as she was freed she ran, and throwing herself prone on the new-made mound, wept unrestrainedly. When I suggested that we force her to leave with us, fearing that she would become insane and do herself harm, the others shook their heads, saying that she was unmanageable and it would be best to leave her alone.

It was proven by the Alcalde that the stranger, who had refused to tell his name, had been stabbed during the rough and tumble fight, and that Don Miguel Santiago wore a pistol but no knife. At this examination it was said that the dying man repeatedly tried to console the woman, telling her again and again of his love for her. At length getting anxious about the lone mourner I rode out to the cemetery but, finding no trace of her, returned to Tia Juana, where a search party was formed. In spite of our search, which on the part of the natives at least was but half-hearted, since such affairs were not uncommon there, we could discover no clue to her disappearance. To this day no white man knows what ever became of Carmencita Valdez.



ATHLETICS

BASKETBALL.

The basketball season of 1911-12 was a decided success. We not only won the championship of S. L. B. A. A., but played several games outside the league. During the whole season we suffered only one defeat and that could hardly be classed as such as the score stood 32-30.

Due mostly to the coaching of Prof. Nelson, the team was faster, fought harder and had better team work than previous years. The team worked like a clock and the way the signals worked was great. At times in a game the ball would be in the basket before one could count to five. The defensive was strong but we lacked in basket throwing, which was more than made up by the number of chances we had.

The trip the team took to Pacific Grove was the best any Poly basketball team has taken. Out of the three games played we won two by good margins but lost the first game by a score of 32-30. This was by far the fastest and closest game we've played this season. It was our first game on an indoor court and at night, so the walls and the lights were new to us. They didn't have anything on us when it came to team work, as we played all around them. Our guards held them down but our basket throwing was wild. The championship game was the hardest game we'd played in the league. Paso Robles had their last year's champs on the field and expected to clean things up. But by the end of the first half when the score stood 16-4 in our favor there was a different story going around. In the second half they put in a fresh center. This didn't work much better, for by the close of the game the score stood 32-12.

Carl Hoskins, our famous guard, was elected to captain the team of 1912-13, and we wish him the best of success.

The line-up of the team for the season was as follows:

Cook, Weymouth, forwards; Smith, center; Bush, Hoskins, Cooper, guards.

Subs—Ellis, Nickle, S. Clark, Davis, Wilkinson and E. Baldwin.

Season's Scores.

Santa Maria, 8; Poly, 26.
Santa Ynez, 3; Poly, 55.
Arroya Grande, 14; Poly, 42.
San Luis High, 15; Poly, 41.
Paso Robles, 12; Poly, 32.
Monterey H. S., 12; Poly, 50.
Pacific Grove H. S., 32; Poly, 30.
Pacific Grove A. A., 18; Poly, 50.

FOOTBALL.

Poly's second year of Rugby has proved successful. We not only won two out of the three games played but tied the well known San Jose team in the third game of the season.

The team this year was lighter than last year's team but what they lacked in weight was made up by a better knowledge of the game and a fighting spirit that was evident throughout the season. The fellows would fight to the last ditch and it was this defensive work that saved many a game for Poly. Although the defensive was first-class the team lacked in the offensive, but even in this line of the game we showed a marked improvement over last year. But we've still got a lot to learn.

The fellows that played during the season were: Shipsey (Capt.), Murray, Reeves, Peak, Stone, Wright, McLain, Williams, Schweizer, Hoskins, Welch, Mizuo, Luchessa, Mendenhall, Fitzgerald, C. Tanner, Williamson, Harris, Carty, Yocum, Morrison, Noren and J. King.

Much credit is due Mr. Rubel, Mr. McHenry and Cheda for the work they have done in coaching our football team.

Scores.

Santa Barbara, 0; Poly, 3.

San Jose, 0; Poly, 0.

Santa Barbara, 3; Poly, 14.

TRACK.

The Poly track team lived up to its former reputations and was a greater success than in former years. We made a better showing at Santa Barbara, won the league meet and besides these we sent a track team to Stanford for the first time.

This year's team was smaller in numbers and not as well balanced as last year's. The fellows as a whole trained hard and regularly and this made up for our lack in numbers. In the field events we were shy, but made up for this in the track events, in which the team was strong and showed up to better advantage than previous years.

Most of the credit for a winning track team is due to Coach Nelson. By his hard work and knowledge of track he has turned out a winning team that Poly should be proud of. It was largely due to him that we sent a team to represent Poly at Stanford.

In next year's team we'll miss Murry, Swartz, Shipsey, Snyder and Weymouth, all of whom are Seniors and have won points in track for Poly.

The following so well expresses a sentiment so needful of fostering that we trust the author of it will not be offended by the freedom with which we use his production:

Ye have drunk, O my friends, to the victors,
Ye have toasted the valiant and strong;
To the great of the earth ye have drunk in your mirth,
To the wise you have lifted your song.
It is well—they are worthy, my brothers,
As aught that the firmament spans,
But I pledge you a health to the others—
A health to the "also rans."



BOY'S BASKET BALL TEAM.

Left to Right—Standing

Cooper, Nickle, Davis, Smith, Wilkenson, Ellis, Clark, Hoskin, Shusey,
Sitting—Baldwin, Weymouth, Bush (Capt.), Cook.





GIRLS BASKET BALL

From Left to Right—Top Row
Cheds, V. Tannoli, Steiner, Harzard, Shipsey
Middle Row—Shulze, Hochling.
Bottom Row—Forbes, A. Tannoli





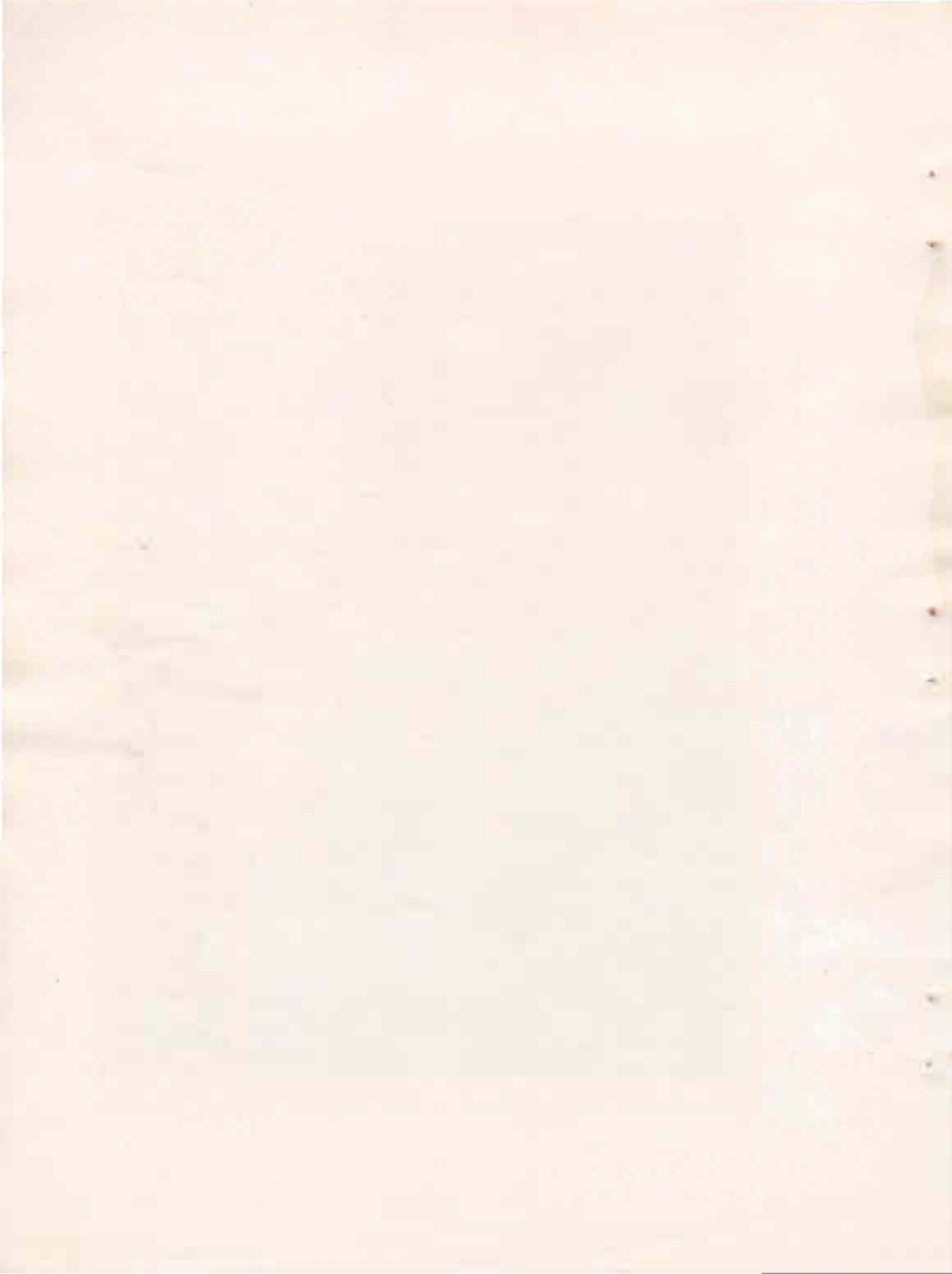
RUGBY SQUAD.

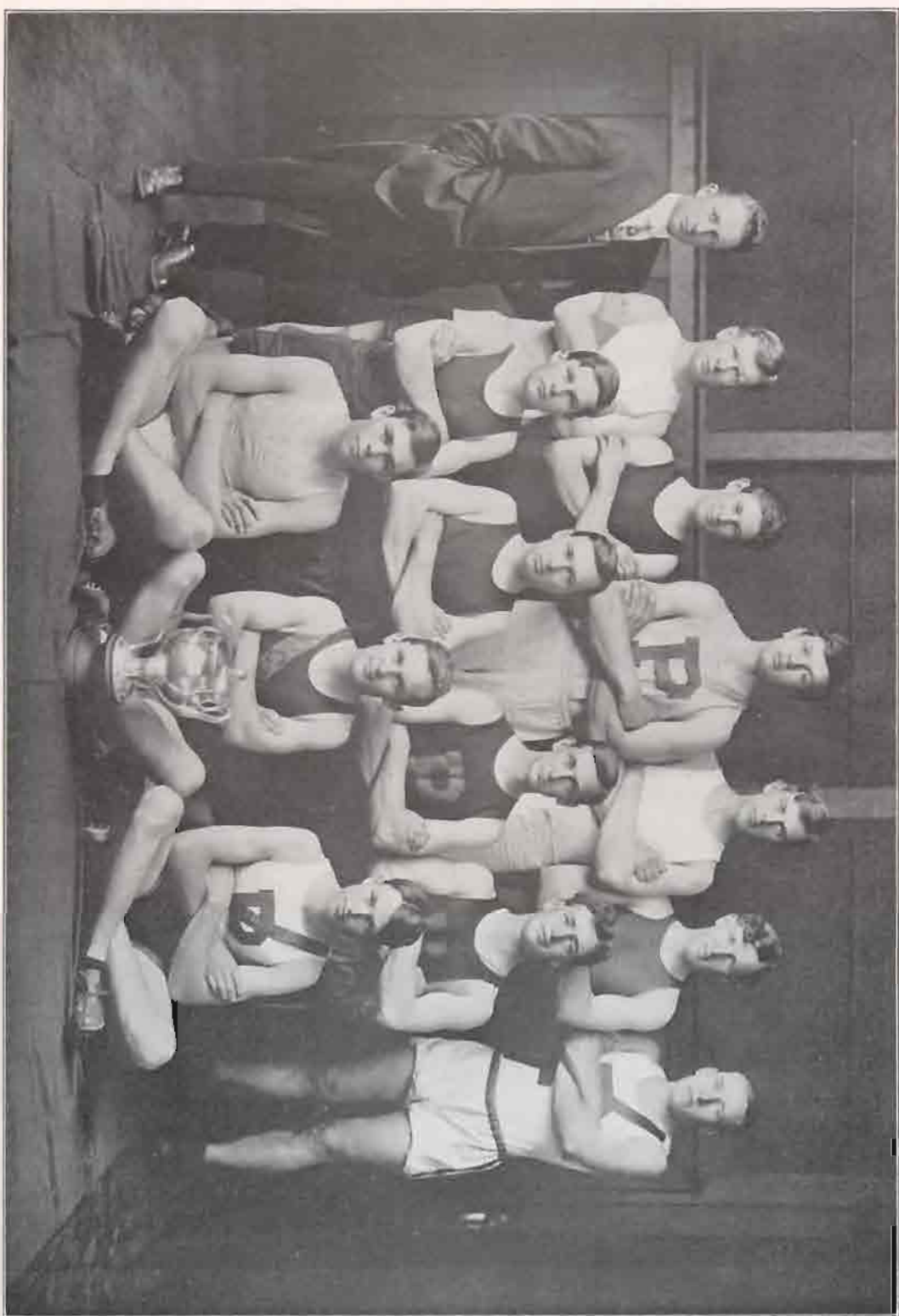
From Left to Right—Standing:

Rabel (Coach), Luchessa, Wright, P. Murray, C. Tanner, Kim, Cook, Harris, Mendenhall, Morrison, Vocum, Fitzgerald, R. Tanner.

Sitting—Noren, Williams, Eastman, McLain, McHenry (Coach).

Sitting—Welch, Hopkins, Schweizer, Shipsey, Reeves, Mizus.





TRACK TEAM

Left to Right—Top Row

Stone (Mer.), McLain, Shirley, Ellis, Nelson, Hammaker, Schweizer,

Middle Row—F. Murray, Tanner, Snyder, Shipsey,

Bottom Row—Swartz, E. Murray, Weymouth.



To the men who went down in the struggle,
To the runners who finished unplaced,
To the weak and the young, the unknown; the unsung,
The deprived, the oppressed, the disgraced.
Ye are blooded, developed, completed;
They were bred without stamina, class;
'Tis to them, the surpassed, the defeated,
I bow as I drain my glass.

Who are ye that should dare to reject them?
Do ye know what the handicaps weighed?
Did ye suffer the pain, run the race, stand the strain,
That ye scoff at the paces they made?
It may be they ran overweighted;
It may be they were left at the post—
Far or near, 'tis to them, the illfated,
I bow as I drink my toast.

They have lost—they are ill, they are weary;
Ye have won, ye are well, ye are strong.
By the drops that they bled, by the tears that they shed,
By your mirth, by your wine, by your song,
By all that e'er helped to sweeten your lives; by your hopes,
by your plans,
I pledge you the health of the beaten,
The health of the "also rans."

AN APPRECIATION.

Representing the Student Body of the California Polytechnic School, I wish to thank Professor Nelson for all he has done for the association in coaching its teams and showing the members of the teams the best methods of practice and training.

Undoubtedly we have him to thank for turning out our basketball team to be the winner it was. He came out every evening to direct and counsel the members and many times he took part when there were not men enough out to make a second team. It was due to this thorough training that the games were won by Poly, for if the men had not had the practice and wind which they gained during the training season they would certainly have been beaten.

Many of the fellows who tried for the basketball team became discouraged when they saw the rigorous practice that was demanded of them, they were so short sighted that they could not see that Coach Nelson was looking into the future at the hard, fast games which our opponents, the other schools of the league, would put up. It was by this strenuous practice that the men of grit and endurance were picked out who won the games for Polytechnic.

Not only did Mr. Nelson make a good basketball coach but he was also a splendid track coach, for being a great runner himself he knew all the

best methods and ways of track work. Not only did he make the men work, but he worked with them and inspired them to harder work. Fellows came out to work under his direction because he was Nelson, the Olympic man, a man noted for his work in amateur athletics. Thus was our track team brought out and made to work and through his coaching it was made the winner in our league, thus bringing home the fine trophy cup to Poly for all time.

Another thing Mr. Nelson deserves the thanks of everyone for was his getting the idea and putting it through of sending a team to Stanford. Such acts as that do a great deal to put Polytechnic on the map, but perhaps more important, it holds out a promise of a good trip to the trackmen—a trip which is well worth a season's hard training—in fact, two or three seasons of work. A freshman coming here should consider himself lucky if he could insure to himself the trip by training for three years.

Therefore, in behalf of the Student Body, I wish to repeat our thanks for Mr. Nelson's hard and patient work in turning out two winning teams—basketball and track.

CASSIUS SIBLEY, President.

INTERCLASS MEET.

The first real track try-out of the season was the Interclass Meet, held Saturday, March 23, 1912. This meet was held primarily to see which class could capture the most points and also to give Coach Nelson a chance to pick the team to go to Santa Barbara.

Several surprises were sprung in the meet, especially the way Dyer took second in the 50 and 100 yard dashes, and third in the 220.

Murray hadn't rounded into his usual form yet but he won his races handily, showing that by the time the League Meet rolls around Barney will be in good shape and the fellow that beats him will have to travel in record time.

Joe Schweizer showed up to good advantage, winning both the mile and half-mile, making the latter in record time. You want to watch Joe in the half-mile this year as new records are bound to be established.

Mavor Smith also won a good many points for his class, winning the broad jump, shot put, second in hurdles and third in the pole vault; but as he isn't eligible for the meets we cannot count on him.

Swartz got a slow start in the 50, but tied Eastman for third and in the 100-yard dash was crowded and didn't place. In the 220 Swartz had no trouble running second to Barney. With a little more training Swartz will make a fast 220 or 440 yard man.

The relay was exciting from start to finish, but the lead obtained by Hammaker in the first lap was held to the finish with the Juniors a close second.

The final score stood: Juniors, 45 1-2; Seniors, 40 1-2; and Freshmen, 33.

Summary:

Mile run—Schweizer, J., first; Weymouth, S., second; Bennett, F., third. Time, 5:12.

Hurdles—Cook, J., first; Smith, F., second; Snyder, S., third. Time, 29.3.

50-yard dash—B. Murry, S., first; Dyer, J., second; Swartz, S., and Eastman, J., tie for third. Time, 15 3-5.

Shot-put—Smith, F., first; Ellis, F., second; Shipsey, S., third. Distance, 39 feet, 8 inches.

100-yard dash—B. Murry, first; Dyer, second; F. Murry, J., third. Time, :10 4-5.

High jump—Cook, first; Nelson, J., second; Ellis, F., third. Height, 5 feet, 2 inches.

Discus—Ellis, first; Nelson, second; Nickle, F., third.

440-yard dash—McLain, J., first; Snyder, second; Ellis, third. Time, :57 2-5.

880-yard run—Schweizer, first; Cook, second; Weymouth, third. Time, 2:10.

Pole vault—Snyder, first; Hoskins, F., second; Smith, third.

Running broad—Smith, first; Tanner, S., second; Hoskins, third. Distance, 19 feet, 4 inches.

220-yard dash—B. Murray, first; Swartz, second; Dyer, third. Time, :24 4-5.

Relay—Seniors first (Hammaker, Swartz, Weymouth, Tanner and Snyder), Juniors, second; Freshmen, third.

SANTA BARBARA TRACK MEET.

Coach Nelson, with a team of five men, composed of Swartz, Murray, Schweizer and Weymouth, represented Poly at the S. B. I. M. held March 30, 1912, at Santa Barbara. Ventura and Santa Barbara each had a team of thirteen men and Thacher six men, making a total of thirty-seven entries.

The individual performance of Schweizer in winning both the mile and the half mile was one of the features of the meet. Dutch won both races with ease, showing Scott, Santa Barbara's white hope, a clean pair of heels.

Barney, our speedy sprinter, ran up against a combination that couldn't be beat. A combination of two brothers,—one a coach, the other a starter of S. B. H. S.—was plainly shown in the sprints.

The starting caused quite a bit of discord from both Ventura and Poly. Another disadvantage for Poly was running the 220 yard dash from scratch without any lanes. It was on this account in the 220 that Barney got tripped and didn't finish. Credit must be given to Barney, although not winning a place, he did his best, as mentioned before, the combination couldn't be beat.

Swartz and Weymouth, although green at the business, ear places. Although McLain didn't place in the 440 he ran a speedy lap in the relay.

The 880 relay race was fast from start to finish, and although Santa Barbara won, the Poly team composed of Swartz, Murry, McLain and Schweizer, gave them a good race and finished second.

The final score was Santa Barbara 56, Ventura 40, Poly 17, Thacher 3.

Summary of meet—

50 yard dash—Hunt, S. B., first; Kerekes, V., second; Lockard, S. B., third. Time, :5 2-5.

Mile run—Schweizer, Poly, first; Scott, S. B., second; Weymouth, Poly, third. Time, 5:15 2-5.

Shot put—Walker, V., first; Matton, V., second; Hunt, S. B., third. Distance, 40 feet 8 3-4 inches.

220 yard dash—Hunt, S. B., first; Clark, S. B., second; Swartz, Poly, third. Time, :23 2-5.

High jump—Borgstrom, V., first; Knowles, S. B., second; Walker, V., third. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Broad jump—Lockard, S. B., first; Hunt, S. B., second; Borgstrom, third. Distance, 20 feet 7 1-2 inches.

440 yard run—Kerekes, V., first; Janey, S. B., second; Swartz, Poly, third. Time, :55.

220 yard hurdles—Lockard, first; Woodruff, Thacher, second; Alvord V., third. Time, :28 3-5.

880 yard run—Schweizer, Poly, first; Gabbert, V., second; Weymouth, Poly, third. Time, 2:15.

Paul vault—Borgstrom, first; Lockard, second; Alvord, V., third. Height, 11 ft. 6 in.

100 yard dash—Hunt, first; Clark, S. B., second; Kuekes, third. Time, :10 2-5.

Hammer throw—Ganyard, V., first; Thompson, S. B., second; Walker, V., third. Distance, 106 ft. 2 1/2 in.

88 relay race—Santa Barbara, first; Poly, second; Ventura, third. Time, 1:30 2-5.

S. L. B. A. A. MEET.

The S. L. B. A. A. meet was held two weeks later on April 6. Our standard of 50 per cent of the points for Poly was upheld, as usual. This is the third year in succession that we have won the meet, and by virtue of that fact the Merchants' Cup becomes our exclusive property.

Three of our best men—Murray, Schweizer and Swartz—together with Professor Nelson, journeyed north to Palo Alto to participate in inter-scholastic meet, at which Stanford is annually host. The combined effect of the large crowd, Oakland High School's brass band, a chocolate drop who ran like greased lightning from Citrus, etc., etc., was somewhat demoralizing to our fellows. They also labored under other disadvantages. Barney beat them all on starts, but his pedal extremities were a trifle short to cover the ground in company with his competitors. He was in his best form, anyway. Swartz was crowded to outside in 440, with seven or eight men between him and the pole, which was another piece of hard luck. But Joe saved the day. In the 880 he was there, and in the language of Professor Nelson, he stuck-around man No. 1 all the way, bringing home three tallies.

On April 12 three members of the track team, consisting of Capt. Murry, Swartz, Schweizer and Coach Nelson, left at 2:40 p. m. on the Shore Line Limited for Stanford to take part in the Stanford Interscholastic Track Meet, which was held on the 13th.

We arrived at San Jose at 9:30 a. m. and immediately took the auto bus for the Montgomery Hotel. After finding our rooms we strolled down town but soon returned to our rooms and turned in for the night.

At six o'clock we were called and left for Stanford. We arrived at Palo Alto about eight o'clock and, feeling hungry, we proceeded to a nearby restaurant and had breakfast.

After breakfast we went out to the University and were met by Cheda, a former Polytechnic football coach. After being shown our rooms at Encina Hall we went down to the track. The preliminaries were held at ten o'clock; so Murry and Swartz donned their track suits, as their races were about to start.

The first event was the 100-yard dash, in which Murry was entered. He led for the first fifty yards, but in the final stretch was passed, being handicapped by his short legs, and lost out.

The next race we took part in was the 220-yard dash in which Murry qualified for the finals. After this race came the 440, in which Swartz qualified for the finals, thereby placing Poly in three events for the afternoon. After the preliminaries the boys had lunch at the Breakers with several friends who were Stanford men.

The meet was called at 2:30 p. m. with large rooting sections on the bleachers cheering for their respective schools. The third event on the schedule was the 220, in which Murry was entered. He held his own up to the last fifty yards and was then passed.

Our next representative, Swartz, was entered in the 440, which came shortly after the 220. Altho he did not place, he showed grit and ability considering his experience.

Just before the relay the last call for the half mile was sounded in which our able man Schweizer was entered, and, of course, we expected him to place, as he had made fast time before. He led the race for over three-fourths the distance, but was passed in the sprint by the fast man Annin from Oxy Prep. It was a stiff fight between Annin and Joe for the race. At the tape Annin was in the lead and Joe a very few feet behind him. The race was won in the fast time of 2:3.

Forty-two schools were entered in the contests, and of the forty-two over half did not get a point. We considered ourselves doing very well by winning three points.

SCHWEIZER & SWARTZ.

TRACK AND FIELD RECORDS OF LEAGUE.

50-yard dash—Murry, C. P. Time, :52½.
Shot put—Callahan, S. L. Distance, 42 feet 6 inches.
Discus—Ernst, P. R. Distance, 121 feet 7 inches.
High jump—Strobridge, C. P. Height, 5 feet 5¾ inches.
Pole vault—Reilly, C. P. Height, 10 feet 3 inches.
Hammer throw—Santa Maria. Distance, 138 feet 11 inches.
Broad jump—Ernst, P. R. Distance, 22 feet 5 inches.
100 yard dash—Murry, C. P. Time, :10.2.
220 yard dash—Pease, C. P. Time, :24.
220 yard hurdles— —, C. P. Time, :27.4.
440 yard dash—Pease and Swartz, C. P. Time, :55.
Mile run—White, C. P. Time, 4:59.
880 yard run—Schweizer, C. P. Time, 2:07 1-5.
Mile relay—Calif. Polytechnic (Reilly, Wright, Flint, Snyder, Wilmoughby). Time, 3:37.

LEAGUE MEET.

The Poly team put the finishing touches on her track career this season by winning the league meet with ease. Our team wasn't as large nor as well balanced as last year's track team, but the fourteen men entered were plenty to win the meet. The team this year was weak in the field events, but were strong in the races, winning first and second in every race except the 50-yard dash and we won that.

The highest point winner in the meet was Ernst of Paso Robles, who scored nineteen points for his school. His throw of 121 feet 7 inches in the discus and his jump of 22 feet 5 inches are records that will beat any interscholastic records in these events on the Coast.

Barney Murry, our speedy runner as well as track captain, was a close second for individual honors, winning the 50-100-220 yard dashes with ease.

Schweizer broke the record in the half-mile by running it in 2:07.1-5. Dutch also won the mile.

Swartz tied the record in the 440 yard run and ran an easy second to Barney in the 220 yard dash.

McLain figured in the scoring by capturing second place in both the 100 and 440.

In the half-mile Weymouth finished second with a good margin to spare, but in the mile had to dig in and finished second with but a few inches to spare.

Snyder won the hurdles with Shirley a close second.

In the high jump Nelson tied Callahan for first place and got third in the discus.

Bill Shipsey surprised us as well as himself by getting second place in hammer throw.

The relay was a walk away for our team, the time being 3:41.2-5.

The final score was—Polly, 71; Paso Robles, 29; Santa Maria, 19; San Luis, 11; Arroyo Grande, 2.

Summary—

50 yard dash—Murry, C. P., first; A. Davis, S. M., second; Mallagh, S. L., third. Time, :30.3.

100 yard dash—Murray, C. P., first; A. Davis, S. M., second; Mallagh, S. L., third. Time, :54.

220 yard dash—Schweizer, C. P., first; Weymouth, C. P., second; Hager, P. R., third. Time, 2:07.1-5.

440 yard dash—Ernst, P. R., first; A. Davis, S. M., second; Gray, S. M., third. Distance, 22 feet 5 inches.

880 yard dash—Callahan, S. L., and Nelson, C. P., tied for first; Ernst, P. R., third. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

1 mile run—Murray first; McLain, C. P., second; A. Davis, third. Time, :10.2.

1.6 mile run—Swartz, C. P., first; McLain, second; E. Davis, S. M., third. Time, :55.

2 mile run—Mercer, P. R., first; Gray, second; A. Davis, third.

Shot put—Callahan, first; Ernst, second; Cheadle, A. G., third. Distance, 42 ft. 6 in.

Discus—Ernst first; Mercer, second; Nelson, third. Distance, 121 ft. 7 in.

High jump—Callahan, S. L., and Nelson, C. P., tied for first; Ernst, P. R., third. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

100 yard dash—Murray first; McLain, C. P., second; A. Davis, third. Time, :10.2.

440 yard dash—Swartz, C. P., first; McLain, second; E. Davis, S. M., third. Time, :55.

Pole vault—Mercer, P. R., first; Gray, second; A. Davis, third.

Shot put—Callahan, first; Ernst, second; Cheadle, A. G., third. Distance, 42 ft. 6 in.

220 yard dash—Murray, first; Swartz, second; Lundbeck, P. R., third. Time, :24.3.

Discus—Ernst first; Mercer, second; Nelson, third. Distance, 121 ft. 7 in.

Mile run—Schweizer, first; Weymouth, second; Reinhardt, S. M., third. Time, 5:12.2-5.

Hammer throw—Ernst, first; Shipsey, C. P., second; Cheadle, A. G., third. Distance, 122 ft. 11 in.

Mile relay—C. P. S., first (Swartz-McLain-Hammaker, Snyder, Schweizer); Santa Maria, second. Time, 3:41.2-5.





—BASE BALL—

POLY VS. SAN LUIS.

Poly played her first league baseball game on the afternoon of April 13, with San Luis High at Mitchell Park. San Luis started in her usual way by announcing that this was "clean up day" and they were going to show Poly. But as the final score will show, it was vice versa and San Luis got the well-needed "cleaning up" they were looking for.

From the standpoint of good baseball the game was ragged. Errors were quite common on both sides but as this was the first game of the season they were expected. San Luis got the most hits, making 13 to Poly's 6, but Poly made her hits count for runs while San Luis lacked in this phase of the game.

In the first inning Carol Stone made the first run of the game, but San Luis got revenge in the same inning and made three runs. The score up to the sixth inning remained the same. In this inning the fellows woke up and scored three runs, putting us one run in the lead. This lead wasn't overcome 'till the seventh inning, when Hollister knocked a home run over left field fence, scoring three runs. The score then stood 7-5 in San Luis's favor.

In the ninth inning Poly rallied and two men got on bases. "Chuck" Williams got a good swing on the ball, driving it into the left fielder's hands, who was kind enough to drop it, letting in two runs. Bill Shipsey then broke up the game with a clean hit, scoring Williams.

San Luis came to the bat with a determined look, but three of their best batters walked away from the plate looking "down in the mouth." It was in this inning that McLain showed his real form, more of which we hope to see in the following games. The final score was 8-7 in Poly's favor.

The base running of Carol Stone and the pitching of both Hoskins and McLain deserve special mention.

The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

Poly—		San Luis—
Stone	C.	Fitzgerald
Hoskins-McLain	P.	Wickenden
Corrick	1st B.	Callahan
Hoskins-McLain	2nd B.	Crow
Williams	3rd B.	Mallagh
Shipsey	S. S.	Fach
Hammaker	L. F.	Van Gordan
Van Gorden	C. F.	Hollister
Weymouth-Ells	R. F.	Schulze-Kemper

A. G. VS. C. P. S.

Saturday, May 11, 1912, we started the game off on the Arroya diamond. Red Corrick hit to start and got put out. Mc was put out by a fly to right and "Hoxy" failed to get on first.

Red Corrick twirled for Poly with Hosky as his backstop. Ham held first in Red's old place and filled the position creditably. Arroya succeeded in making their only run off of "Pinky" in the first inning. A safe hit scored a man from third. "Pinky," from here on, tightened up and with his speedy curves held the home team tightly down.

Poly scored one run in the third inning, but lost a chance in the fifth to score two more, as Arroya was playing good ball. In the ninth inning, where we are particularly strong, having won two other games in the ninth, we started a batting rally and scored three more runs. In the last half of the ninth Arroya's men fanned out "one-two-three," leaving a final score of 4 to 1 in Poly's favor.

"Pinky," who pitched the entire game, had good support as Arroya only placed six hits, while we hit ten safe ones.

SANTA MARIA VS. POLY.

The fastest and closest league game so far was played with Santa Maria at Mitchell Park, Saturday, April 27, 1912. The game was close and fast all through and it wasn't till the tenth inning that we scored the winning runs. The game was even, with neither side having the advantage. The fellows played the best they have so far this season, getting ten hits and fielding good, with the exception of four errors.

Hoskins pitched first class ball through the fifth inning and was then relieved by McLain on account of a sore arm. McLain held them down and twirled them over in his usual good form.

Santa Maria started at a winning stride by scoring Gray the first inning, but Poly went them one better and with the help of a few errors scored two runs.

In the fourth inning Hosky got a safe hit and stole second. Shipsey advanced him to third and he made the third score for Poly on Barney's single.

Santa Maria didn't score again till the fifth inning, when they got revenge by chalking up four runs to their credit. They hit Hosky for three hits but it wasn't altogether his fault, because if he had had better support they wouldn't have scored so many runs. It was in this inning, with the bases full, that the right fielder misjudged a fly, allowing three runs and leaving a man on third base who scored on a two-base hit by Radke.

Poly evened things up in the last half of this inning by scoring two runs. Hamaker reached first and "Chuck" Williams redeemed himself by getting a two-base hit through short stop. Hamaker scored on a passed ball and Corrick brought Chuck across with a sacrifice hit.

The score remained the same 'till the last of the tenth inning, when the fellows found the ball for two runs. McLain got a safe hit over third and was advanced to second when Hosky knocked a high fly to the right fielder, who dropped it. Stoney did the right thing and laid a bunt down third base line, filling the bases. Bill Shipsey broke up the game with a two-bagger over third which scored McLain and Hosky.

The final score stood Poly 7, Santa Maria 5. Line-up:

Poly—		S. M.—
Stone	C	Watson
Hoskins-McLain	P.	Radke
Corrick	1st B.	May
McLain-Hoskins	2nd B.	Cristopachi
Shipsey	3rd B.	A. Davis
Murray	S. S.	T. Gray
Fox	L.F.	Bagdon
Hamaker	C.F.	Vierrie
Williams	R.F.	Gray

SANTA MARIA VS. POLY.

On Saturday, May 18, Poly's team journeyed to Santa Maria to contest the final game of the championship series. This game was to decide between Polytechnic and Santa Maria as to which was to be proclaimed the season's champion. As Poly thus far had lost no games we felt certain of victory, even though it be hard won. Under the circumstances we only wonder that the game did not stand with a larger score for Poly, as with Mc in the box, and excellent support from the team, better playing was in evidence than had been seen at any of the previous games. The game ended with a score of 6-1 in favor of the C. P. S.

Our girls this season have not been quite so successful in athletics as the boys. Although they quit the season without a game to their credit, they must not be criticized too heavily. They worked with great earnestness and that they lost all games is due to the fact that they stacked up against better teams.

From the walls of the Stanford track dressing rooms was copied this little three stanza toast which is worthy of space here.

As you're crowning with laurel the winner,
When the race and the shouting are done,
Give a cheer for the man who so pluckily ran—
The fellow who almost won.

True, he lost, but he made in his losing;
The battle, the game and the race;
So never forget that we owe him a debt—
The contender who quickened the pace.

Then here's to the legion of losers,
Whose names on no tablets you'll find;
A toast to them then, yes, a cheer for the men,
The strugglers who finished behind.

ARROYA GRANDE-POLY BASEBALL GAME.

The second game of the season was played on our home grounds with Arroya Grande, April 20, 1912. Our fellows showed up to better advantage, both in batting and fielding, than in the San Luis game. The game wasn't close enough at any stage to be exciting. Our fellows had their batting eyes in good trim and before the game was over had run up twelve hits.

Hoskins stepped into the limelight by getting three safe hits. Besides

hitting well, Hoskins covered second base so close that it wasn't safe to steal second. Corrick also had his eye on the ball and got a home run, which was followed in the next inning by McLain with a two-base hit which he stretched into a home run. Bill Shipsey was right there with the stick, getting two two-base hits just at the time when they came in handy.

McLain was pitching in good form, allowing only six hits and striking out eleven men.

The infield as a whole played good ball, which is a good indication this early in the season. The outfielders didn't have much to do, but what came their way was taken care of handily.

The final score was 12-4 in Poly's favor. Line-up:

Poly—		A. G.—
Stone	C.	Draper
McLain	P.	Bennett
Corrick	1st B.	Seeley
Hoskins	2nd B.	Loomis
Shipsey	3rd B.	Cervinka
Murray	S. S.	Meeker
Van Gorden	L. F.	Newlove
Hammaker	C. F.	Draper
Williams	R. F.	Stewart

Ells, Cooper, Weymouth—subs.

THOSE THAT WON THE EMBLEM "P."

Football—Shipsey, B. Murry, Fitzgerald, Mendenhall, Yocum, Morrison, Harris, Williamson, Carty, Noren, Luchessa, King, Mizuo, C. Tanner, Welch, Stone, Reeves, Peak, Wright, Schweizer, Hoskins, C. Williams, McLain and M. Smith.

Basketball—Bush, Hoskins, Smith, Cook, Weymouth, Cooper, Ells, Wilkinson, Davis, S. Clark, Baldwin and Nickle.

Track—Murry, Swartz, McLain, Schweizer, Weymouth, Nelson, Shirley, Snyder, Shipsey and Hammaker.

Baseball—Stone, Hoskins, Corrick, McLain, Shipsey, Williams, Hammaker, Van Gorden, Ells, Weymouth, Murry and Fox.

PORT HARTFORD SHIPPING NEWS.

The Tanker Bill Nock arrived in port this morning and received a cargo but while at the dock dragged anchor, and in drifting caused much havoc and consternation among the local shipping interests.

The Dutch tanker, Schweizer, while attempting to cross the bar this morning, fouled on a schooner, which was at the same time crossing the bar. This boat will be put in dry-dock at San Luis for repairs.

The lumber coaster "Hammaker," docked this morning after a rough trip in which a binnacle light was lost and a great deal of the cargo thrown overboard to lighten the draft.



BASE BALL TEAM.

From Left to right—Top Row

Shippey, Wernersmith, Hammaker, Fred Johnston, Van Gorden, Fox, Murray

Middle Row—Williams, Corrick,

Bottom Row—McLain (Capt) Stone, Hoskins.



Once a freshman was washed on the African coast,
Where a cannibal monarch held sway,
And they served up that freshman on slices of toast,
On the eve of the very same day.

But vengeance of Heaven followed swift on their act,
And before the next morning was seen,
By the cholera morbus the tribe was attacked,
For the freshman was terribly green.

"May 2"

Mr. E. B. Smith wishes to announce to his classes, especially the History class, that he will allow five minutes at the end of each period, so as to allow all the proofs of the graduates' pictures and also the pictures of last Saturday's baseball game, to be viewed and enjoyed by all concerned.



THE SENIOR-FRESHMAN GAME





A WORD FROM THE CAPTAIN.

So far our record in baseball is 100 per cent., which is about as good as can be expected, and the Captain wishes to take this opportunity to tell the school and the team that this record is due to the consistent practice that the fellows have put in.

Every fellow on the team has worked in perfect harmony with Coach Johnston and the Captain and by so doing a season of creditable playing is the result.

Much thanks is due each fellow and also Coach Johnston for their hard work.

F. J. M.

On April 26 the uncontrollable ambitions of the Freshmen prompted them to issue a wholesale challenge to the school to meet them on the diamond in a friendly bout at the national game. The charitable Juniors deeming it their duty to refrain from humiliating the lowly Freshmen, left the honor of acceptance of the challenge to the mighty Seniors, who as a class rose eagerly to the tempting bait.

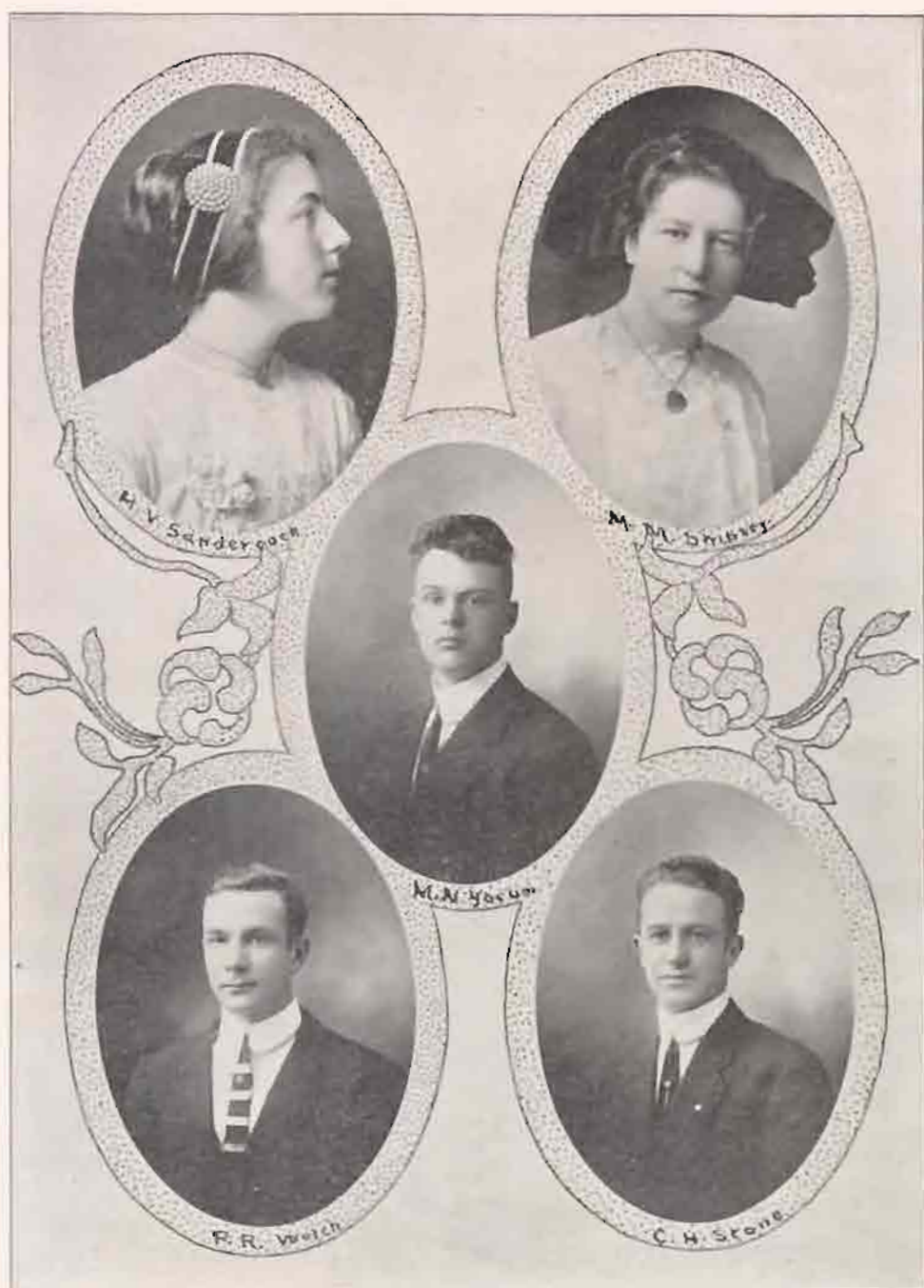
On the following day, (April 27), on the Poly field, congregated many witnesses. The vaunt Seniors, to make their debut a successful surprise, refrained from appearing on the field until the appointed time for the game, at which time they burst in all their borrowed glory upon the vision of the amazed and amused spectators. Decked with finery, which only a color reproducing camera could do justice to, they assumed their respective positions on the field. The game, which was one of the minor attractions, progressed in a very one-sided style. The Freshmen, to impress upon the Seniors and the school at large their heretofore doubted worth, proceeded to accumulate an agonizingly large score, against which that of the Seniors was imperceptible. However, although ingloriously defeated, the Seniors assumed a benign exterior and gracefully accepted their downfall. The Freshmen, although undoubtedly inwardly overcome with exultation, were diplomatic enough to abstain from any unseemly brag. Blessed be the Freshmen.



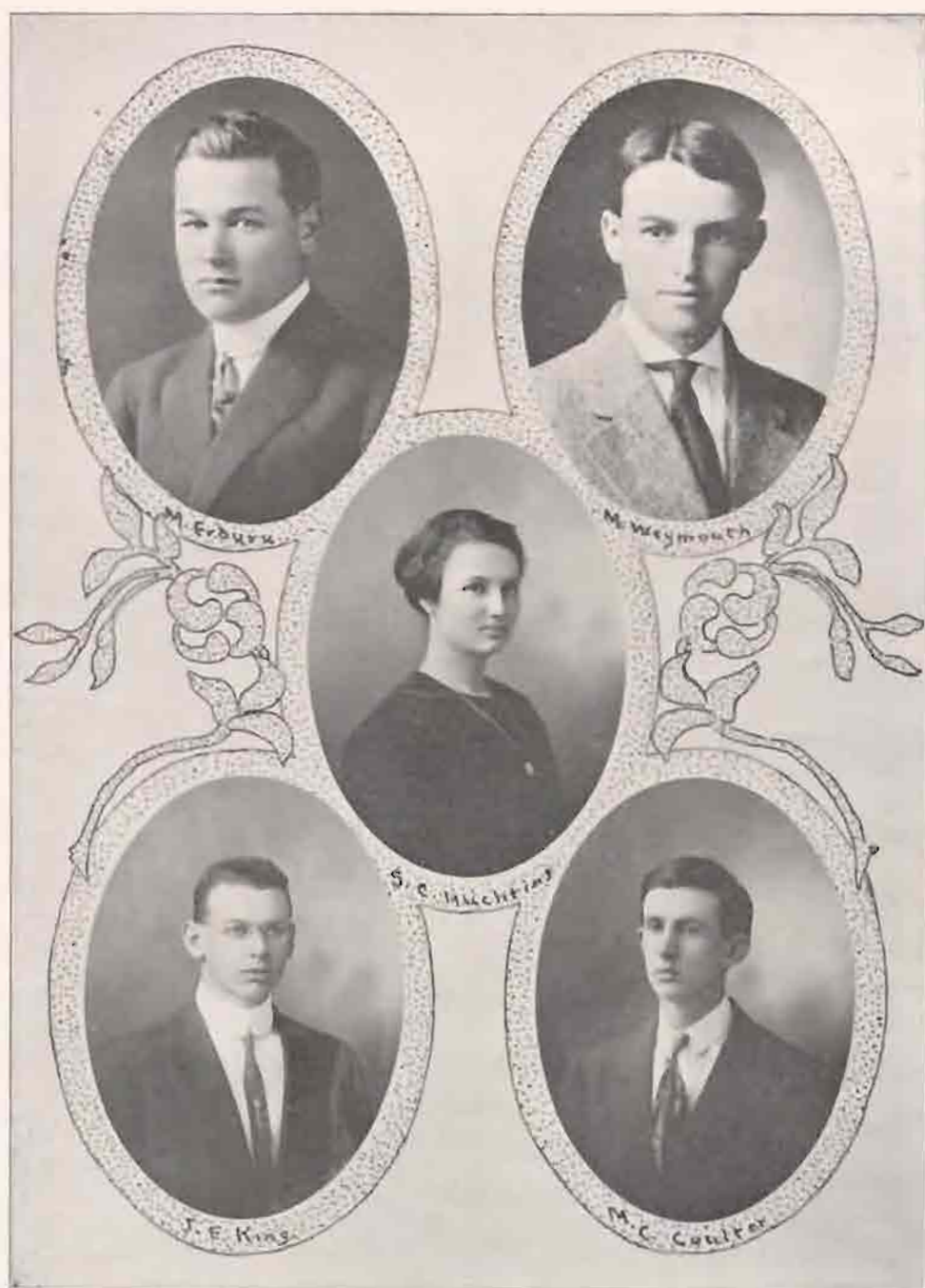


OUR FACULTY ADVISOR











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SCHOOL NOTES



The final term of school always brings many activities in addition to the regular work of curriculum. The greater part of these occur after the Journal goes to press and therefore must be mentioned in advance.

The chief events of interest so far have been athletics. The friction between baseball and track was at length adjusted and the boys were able to do their work without conflict.

On March 23 the track team went to Santa Barbara for the Annual Meet there. They brought back a very small piece of the bacon and a very large grievance to hear. They attributed their defeat to the development of a system by Santa Barbara that was very hard to beat. Statements seemed to be grounded on fact and the ordinary grouch variety. Be that as it may the boys were unanimous in praise, and time showed them before and after the meet and we conclude that Santa Barbara cannot be wholly bad.

Finally, our interclass meet deserves attention. It was a romp for the Juniors, but did not lack in excitement. There was something doing all the time. The Seniors appeared on the scene with a large and showy banner of their own construction. While not red, it inflamed the jealousy of Juniors and Freshmen to such a degree that the meet was postponed just before relay. While that banner was chased over seven acres of campus, fought for, and apportioned out between fifty or more enthusiastic students. Most of the men entered in relay took part in the fray and kicked and spiked one another to good purpose. Result, the crafty Seniors hogged the relay, giving them an easy second place. A few enterprising students did a lucrative business shortly after by raking over the most finely contested spots for small change. One prominent young man, a good footballer, but not much at track, found a quarter, which he put in his mouth for safe keeping, not having any pockets in his track suit, which in a moment of forgetfulness he subsequently swallowed. This young footballer, also an enthusiastic chemist, refused to eat salt for a long time after, and much elicited information that salt water would react with quarter to solve insoluble silver chloride, which would be a waste of good money as well as a detriment to his system.

While the track team has not been uniformly successful, the baseball team has played a season without loss of a single game. They humbled our hereditary enemies, S. L. O. High, in a ten-inning game, and went through Arroya Grande and Santa Monica more easily.

Saturday, May 4, the Seniors play Freshmen a game of baseball. The Freshmen had it over the Seniors with a score of 27 to 4, or thereabouts. As an exhibition of fancy baseball the game could hardly be called a success, but it was resplendant with what magazine writers call human interest.

School life through the last term has not been without its softer pleasures.

When one of our profs. took it into his head to get married, and when dormitory crowd landed and valiantly (chivv) chivoreed him thereupon, he thoughtfully dug into his jeans and produced a sum of fifteen bucks with which to have a dance. Instead, they decided on a hay ride to the Springs, in which Junior Class was to have a part, and their purpose was to invite the whole school. The Juniors changed their plans, and the dormitory outfit with a few select friends, went alone. They had a grand time, no doubt, although they are disposed to be secret about it. An unconfirmed rumor waited generally into the News office that one fair maid ignominiously rolled off a high bank, with a paper sack of oranges. She still appears at school, so must have soon recovered.

The Juniors gave their promised dance in Rowan's Hall on April 26.

Some agricultural students, who complained that their department has not received its share of the appropriations, are appeased since the purchase of the imported Percheron stallion Ibedem. This horse took second prize at the recent state fair and is a magnificent animal.

The students in dairying have recently engaged in the interesting pastime of making cheese. During this process the cheese house has been besieged with beggars of all kinds, mechanics, girls, and other farmers, who seem very fond of the curd. To the news editor's mind, unripened cheese can be likened to indiarubber, both in flavor and texture, also digestibility.

The 1st of April saw all the ardent Waltonians out with their rods and bait. The news editor, with a companion, walked fifteen miles over hill and vale and then back again, to catch fifteen small trout. Others had similar experiences and there were many usual tales of fifty fish over eighteen inches, etc.

Recently, thirty or forty enterprising fellows got together on a bright Saturday morning and built a dam of sack dirt, so high and so wide and so thick across little Brizzollari Creek that that infantile stream never could wash it out. They neglected to puddly up the crack, however, with the deplorable results that the water leaked out as fast as it came in.

Of the activities yet to come, the first is the Farmers' picnic. This is always interesting, especially for those students who take tally of the guests and this year is expected that all formal records, both as to number of guests and exhibitions presented, will be eclipsed.

At the time of this writing there are only four weeks left of school. The Seniors are beginning to talk about graduation, the rest of us are pulling through without any failures to set us back next year. The Senior Class this year is wide awake in progressive, and will give a Senior play, "Good for the Seniors."

There are yet several contests necessary to determine which class gets alumni cup.

A nomination and election of the officers of Student Body and Editor and Business Manager of the Journal will soon be held. We hope the cause of Student Control of Student Affairs will be boosted next year.

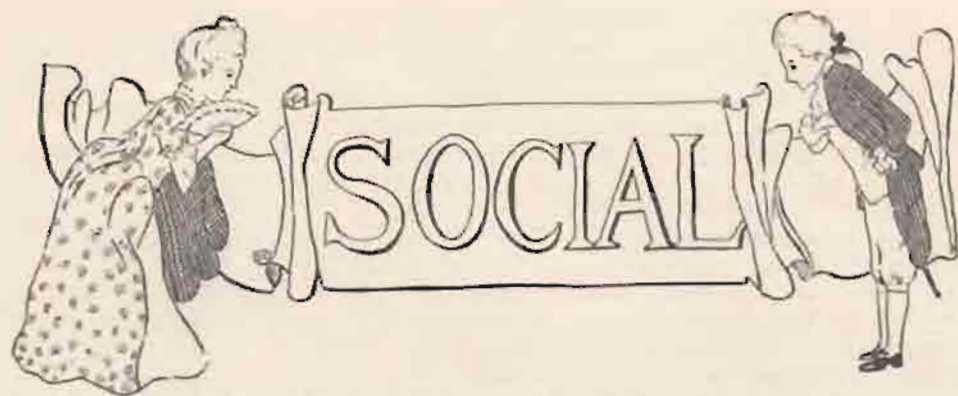
We are sorry to say that our director is far from well. Mr. Edwards has also been under the weather, and had almost to leave a sick bed himself to take charge of affairs. Mr. Smith's health has not been good for some time, and doubtless influences his determination to retire. His resignation, together with that of Mr. Condit, Mr. Carranza, and Miss Howell, will be a sore blow to the school. The best interests cannot be set aside, however, and our loss will prove someone else's gain.

On May 20 the Student Body held an election with following results:

President of Student Body	McLain
Vice-President	Stone
Treasurer	Williams
Secretary	Miss Forbes
Sergeant at Arms	R. Tanner
Manager Poly Journal	King

The two nominees for Editor-in-Chief of Journal, Miss Sandercock and Mr. Bennett, divided the votes evenly between them. Another election will be held.

This election was to have been held the previous Friday, but was postponed on account of absence of students, who went to Paso Robles. The Annual Husbandry Class, under the wing of Professor Rubel, journeyed there to judge a choice collection of Holstein cows. The feature of the day was a three-mile walk (each way) under a smiling sun, which was appreciated and unexpected. Messrs. Perozzi, Cooper, Bissinger, Tanner, and W. Perozzi made the trip on motor bikes.



On March 16, 1912, Miss Hartzell entertained with a delightful musicale in the reception room of the Household Arts Building. The Polytechnic Orchestra furnished several good selections. A Dutch luncheon was served later to the following: Mrs. Leroy B. Smith, Mrs. Sanford, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. White, Misses Secest, Chase, Williams, Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Middleton, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, Messrs. Cananza, Johnston and Bennett.

The Polytechnic Alumni are to follow their usual custom and have a reunion June 12. A general good time is anticipated by all those who are still faithful to the memory of their alma mater.

The members of the Amapola Club are planning a "Joyful Hayride," to the seaside in the near future. This will be the last of the many happy gatherings they have had throughout the year.

On Saturday, April 6, 1912, the Interscholastic Track Meet was held as usual on the Polytechnic grounds. In the evening the members of the Polytechnic Institution acted as hosts and hostesses, entertaining the visiting teams at Rowan's Hall with a dance. After the fifth dance, there was an intermission for the presentation of ribbons by Mr. Nelson and Mgr. Stone. Those having won events received the appropriate ribbons for the places taken. Punch was served throughout the evening.

The decorations consisted of crepe paper pennants carrying out the color scheme of the different schools, Arroyo Grande, Santa Maria, Paso Robles, San Luis High School and Polytechnic. Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Edwards, Miss Chase and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were patrons. The dance closed at a late hour, and the guests departed, having voted the Polytechnic people most royal entertainers.

The Amapola Club is still progressing along the line of "Travels," Dr. White journeyed us through China and the talk was most interesting and surely enjoyed by all the members of the club. At the last meeting we were unable to get Miss Brownberger to give us a continued talk on Travels, however, a carefully planned program was enjoyed, which consisted of current events, the topics being given by several of the members. A piano solo and vocal solo by Miss Sandercock added much to the program of the afternoon.

Miss Sophia Huchting was the recipient of another box filled with many goodies, which was sent to her by her sister, Mrs. J. E. Jones of Visalia, a former Polytechnic student. A grand spread followed and those who enjoyed it were: Misses Byers, Hubbard, Hall, Tognanzini, Johnson, and Kirk.

Miss Eva Fridley entertained with a St. Patrick's luncheon in the dining room of the Household Arts Building. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, and Mr. and Mrs. Ryder. Miss Brew acted as waitress.

The "At Homes" at the Girls' Dormitory have been too numerous to receive individual mention, however, a great deal of merriment goes with each one. The main feature of the evening as a rule is the serving of dainty refreshments, such as cake, candy, fruit, etc., good old familiar songs usually follow, the accompaniment being played by Mr. Jesse Bennett.

One of the most delightful events of the spring term was the "Hay Ride" to Sulphur Springs, given in honor of the residents of the Girls' and Boys' Dorms, by Mr. and Mrs. Ryder.

The crowd of young people was ably chaperoned by the Misses Williams and Chase. The two four-horse wagons left the Polytechnic campus at five o'clock and the jolly crowd of about forty arrived at the springs at eight o'clock. Gallant youths quickly procured wood from the thicket, and soon a brilliant fire illuminated the surrounding grounds, while they stood around the bonfire, a corps of efficient Domestic Science students set before them most appetizing viands. It wasn't long till talking ceased and every one got busy. After the luncheon, dancing and rowing were the pleasant pastimes of the evening. At eleven-thirty frolics came to a close and the jolly crowd was once more loaded on the wagons for the homeward journey.

The Juniors' Annual Ball, given to the school, was held at Rowan's Hall on Friday evening, April 26, 1912. It was one of the most successful events of the year. The patrons were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, Miss Chase and Mr. Johnston. The good music was furnished by the town orchestra, to which the young people tripped the light fantastic.

Mrs. Johnston, who endeared herself to many of the young Polytechnic students, during the years of 1910 and 1911, while matron at the Boys' Dormitory, entertained most royally at the home of Mrs. Fiedlers, 954 Toro street, the following: The Misses Castle and Huchting, Messrs. Weymouth, Sibley, Schwartz, Murray, Noren, Johnston, Hammaker, Erburn, Carranza and Shipsey.

The parlor and hall were lovely in decorations of pink roses.

Mrs. Johnston and the young crowd circled around the cheerful open fire once more, and pleasant reminiscences of former Polytechnic days became the main feature of the evening. Delicious refreshments were served later in the evening.

The Senior girls of the Household Arts Department, served a luncheon to the Trustees, on Saturday, April 27, 1912. The four-course luncheon was prepared scientifically and served by the following: The Misses Knight, Schultze, Campbell, Shipsey and Huchting.

The table was most daintily arranged, the centerpiece consisting of California poppies, the state school flower. Covers were laid for the following: Miss Secrest, Mrs. Leroy Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Rubel, Messrs. Shipsey, Simpson, McNeil and Prof. Nickerson.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy B. Smith entertained about fifty of their San Luis friends and members of the Faculty at Guild Hall on Monday evening, April 8, 1912, with a musicale. The selections rendered were as follows:

- | | |
|-------------------|------------|
| 1. A May Morning | Denza |
| "Twas April | Nevin |
| Good Morning | Grieg |
| Mrs. Grover | |
| 2. Who is Sylvia? | Schubert |
| Serenade | Neidlinger |
| You and I | Lehmann |

	Mrs. Sanford	
3. In Winter	Nevin
Speckled Eggs	Nevin
Windy Nights	Bodde
The Robin	Neidlinger
	Mrs. Grover	
4. The Harmonious Blacksmith	Handel
	Mrs. Walter Clark	
	Miss Clark	
5. Two Sea Pictures—		
A Sabbath Morning at Sea	Elgar
In Haven	Elgar
	Mrs. Grover	
6. Two Indian Songs—		
The Moon Drops Low	Cadman
Sand of the Sky Blue Water	Cadman
	Mrs. Sanford	
7. Nocturne, op. 37, No. 1	Chopin
	Mrs. Walter Clark	
8. L' Enfant	Gaynor
Hush-a-bye	Gaynor
	Mrs. Grover	
9. Apple Blossoms	Kellie
The Mill	Lehman
The Year's at the Spring	Beach
	Mrs. Sanford	

On Sunday evening, April 24, 1912, the senior residents of the Dormitories entertained Mrs. Johnston and her son Mr. J. M. Johnston, at luncheon in the dining room. The table was embellished with a beautiful center piece of "Ragged Robin Roses," the class flower. Covers were laid for the following: Mrs. Johnston the honored guest, Messrs. Johnston, Weymouth, Schwartz, Noren, Sibley and Miss Huchting.

Before the last course was served, the guests listened most attentively to their destiny as interpreted through coffee grounds by Mrs. Johnston.

Miss Cora Schulz entertained with a luncheon in the dining room of the Household Arts Building, Mr. and Mrs. Heald, Miss Howell and Mr. E. B. Smith. Miss Fridley acted as waitress.

The Senior Class is looking forward to one of the most elegantly appointed receptions, which is to be given in their honor by Mr. and Mrs. Leroy B. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been noted in the past years for their kindness, and surely they deserve thanks in advance from the present Senior Class.

Complimentary to the Seniors, the Junior Class will entertain with a lawn party at the home of Miss Fay Welch on 512 Murray avenue, in the near future. Perfect arrangements are well under way and promises are for a jolly good time and a big Junior-Senior reunion.

The first part of the evening will be devoted to games, while later a delicious collation will be served, each course intermittent with toasts given by the prominent members of the class.

On Saturday, April 27, 1912, Mrs. F. E. Edwards entertained about twenty little tots, members of her Sunday School class. Mr. Edwards met them at the Christian Church and brought them out in his automobile. It

took four trips to bring them all out. They were entertained throughout the afternoon with games played in the large parlor and halls of the Boys' Dormitory. Then they were shown around the farm and one of the most delightful features of the afternoon was having their pictures taken, some of which were with, "Ibidem," the fine big house of the ranch, which Polytechnic people prize greatly. Dainty refreshments were served before their return, and then again Mr. Edwards acted as chauffeur and took the little tots in his machine to their various homes, all having spent a most enjoyable afternoon on the Polytechnic campus.

The Misses Secrest and Chase entertained Misses Howell and Gillett at dinner in the dining room recently.

Miss Sophia Huchting entertained Miss Mabel Branch at dinner recently.

The Senior girls of the Household Arts Department, chaperoned by Miss Chase, journeyed up the "School Canyon," on Thursday noon, April 25, 1912. In a shady nook, by the babbling brook, sheltered from the wind they spread a scientifically prepared luncheon. Those who participated were: The Misses Schultze-Knight, Campbell, Ridley, Shipsey, Brew, Grizzle and Huchting.

After lunch, Miss Chase favored the girls with several selections from some of the most prominent poets.

Saturday evening, March 17, Mrs. Nelson and Miss Castle entertained the members of the faculty at a St. Patrick's party. The large sitting room in the girls' dormitory was decorated with cut flowers and flags of Ireland, and during the evening refreshments were served on small tables draped with colors appropriate to the occasion. Miss Secrest was the recipient of the first prize, given to the lady winning the most points in the "Proverb Pie" contest, while Mr. E. B. Smith carried off honors for the gentlemen.

Miss Chase and Miss Secrest entertained with a luncheon, complimentary to Dr. Mary B. White and her daughters, Mrs. LeRoy B. Smith of San Luis Obispo; Mrs. Dana L. Grover of Kyoto, Japan; and Mrs. Herbert B. Sanford of Madison, Wisconsin. Other guests were Mrs. Harry Hillard and her mother, Mrs. Humphries of Boston, Mrs. H. L. Kemper and Mrs. B. G. Latimer.

One of the very enjoyable social events of the month of May was the "Children's Party" given by the Seniors to the Faculty and students.

Every guest as well as the hosts and hostesses were attired in children's frocks, and all were welcomed into the spacious dining hall, to once more bring back recollections of childhood days.

The first thing on the program was the grand march. Judges were on the side and when the march came to an end, prizes were awarded to those attired in the most appropriate costumes.

A children's program was rendered by the following members of the Senior Class:

Piano Solo	Miss Shipsey
Recitation—I Have a Little Shadow	Miss Brew
Dialogue—Little Orphan Annie	Misses Schulze and Campbell
Lullaby	Eight Senior Girls
Speech	President Shipsey
Duet—Little Birdies	Messrs. Hamaker and Murray

The program continued with a "Cracker Contest" amongst the boys, of which the best six, participated in a "Pie Contest," the final proving to us that Mr. Hamaker could eat crackers and pie faster than any one else.

Refreshments appropriate for the occasion were served, consisting of punch, animal cookies and stick candy.

Miss Kathleen Shipsey planned a most successful "Surprise Party" in honor of her sister, Miss Marguerite, it being her eighteenth birthday anniversary. About sixty of her friends met at the home of Mrs. Childs and from there adjourned in a body to Miss Shipsey's residence. The rooms were very attractively decorated with large bouquets of California poppies, the color scheme for the affair being green and gold.

A pleasant evening was spent dancing, playing games and singing. Later in the evening refreshments were served and a large birthday cake containing nineteen candles, graced the center of the table, while dainty little place cards marked covers for the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Smith entertained at supper a dozen or more of their friends Saturday evening, May 11th.

On May 24, 1912, Rowan's Hall will be the scene of another delightful function of the season, when a Benefit Ball will be given by the members of the baseball team. A. P. Bernardasci's four-piece orchestra will furnish the music. The patrons and patronesses will be Mr. and Mrs. Leroy B. Smith, Mr. Johnston and Miss Gillett.

As these lines go to print the Senior Class are rehearsing "The Freshmen," which they will present in the Pavilion on Wednesday evening, June 12. The cast of characters is as follows:

John Worden, "The Freshman"	Chas. Schwartz
"Picadilly" Jerome, Sophomore of Lakesville University	Wm. Shipsey
"Owl" Griggs, also a Soph.	John Snyder
"Tiny" McGrath, also a Soph.	Barney Murray
Prof. Locke, Prof. of Mathematics and Astronomy	Jewel Cooper
Horace, Colored Factotum	Clifford Tanner
Mary Locke, Prof. Locke's daughter	Olga Grizzle
Judith Blair, President's daughter	Hazel Brew
Miss Porter, of a very old family	Florence Knight
Violet, Landlady's daughter	Margaret Campbell



What shameful neglect! Aren't you penitent Oriole, Campbell Union High School? Although your January-February number is the first one we have received, you are forgiven for your negligence because we have enjoyed this magazine so much. A Tale of California and On the Ice are two very absorbing stories. We are glad to note such an abundance of clever cuts. Exchange editor, we enjoyed your department greatly. Music, literary work and debating must add very much to your school. It is a pleasure to find you so wide awake, proud of your improvement, and anxious to improve more, this spirit being evident throughout your book, especially in athletics. Allow us to congratulate you on your record-breaking success the past year and on your decidedly interesting January-February number, Oriole.

Oh, you Farnum Tattle (April), from Farnum Preparatory School, Beverly, N. J.! When will you ever stop placing advertisements in the front of your interesting little paper? Besides this fault you are briefer than usual, lacking athletic, social and news departments. Your Exchange column is altogether too short for although you have received over thirty-two exchanges the editor has briefly criticized only seven. However, you can always be depended upon to contain excellent literary material and in this number your jokes are exceptionally comical.

According to your frontispiece, Crescent (February), Concordia College, Moorhead, Minn., you have reason to be proud of having such a large band. You are another who should relegate all advertisements to the last few pages. Your Exchange editor has made such a good criticism on College Chips that we wish he had included other exchanges in his list. It is gratifying to find such enthusiasm over athletics. Your social affairs, especially those of a literary or musical nature, must be very enjoyable, indeed.

We wish you would change your cover design, Crescent (March). Your articles on Advantages of Companionship and William Dean Howells deserve special mention. Deeply commendable is your musical atmosphere Concordia. Again we remonstrate with the Exchange editor for the incompleteness of his department in which he criticizes only one exchange each time. Besides the addition of several departments and cuts, jokes would be a vast improvement to your sober little magazine.

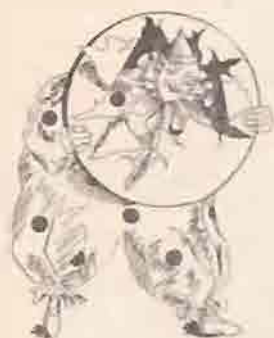
We do not wholly approve of your having so many Oaks, Washington Lower High School, Berkeley, for then they are necessarily quite brief. Nevertheless, the spirit of your enthusiastic hard working students shines throughout your progressive little paper.

What cheerful looking red magazine is this? -Oh, it is the February number of The Sotoyoman from Healdsburg High. Those ads in front and on your contents page make me sigh! Among your best features are several good cuts although we have seen most of them before. The debates in the Senate are very helpful I daresay. What enjoyable social functions you must have. Here's success to your newly organized Orchestra!

The article, School Spirit, in the March Sotoyoman is an "eye opener," which would do many persons good to read. We agree with your Editor that you should become a semi-annual publication. Your poetry is very pretty; but you are sadly in need of new cuts. On the whole there is considerable improvement over the February number in spite of the absence of the Athletic department.

Hurrah for the March Oracle from Jacksonville, Fla.! This Athletic number is not only the best representative of Duval High we have ever received, but it is far above every other exchange this term. But before descending on your virtues let us offer a few friendly criticisms. First the cover design, although typical of athletics, is not very decorative and the ads in front are a great detriment. Do hunt up an artist for you need new cuts badly. You certainly deserve the palm for poetry. It is the best we have ever encountered in a school publication. We can not mention every literary number we enjoyed but we wish to compliment you on having the most splendid Literary Department you have ever boasted. The French Influence, Why Jimps Fumbled the Ball, and Some Notes From Dr. Geisler's Lecture, are particularly fine. Very praiseworthy is your work in Debating, Oracle. The notes from the various classes are spicy, indeed, every writenp being exceedingly well done. But here's the Athletic Department. What spirit and enthusiasm! We assure you all the girls admired the pictures of your heroes, the basketball and football men, just as our fellows admired your invincible basketball girls. Your Exchange Department is very interesting and every joke is a scream. If we were to try to recount all your virtues it would be necessary to tell you of our admiration for every article you contain, but since space is lacking, allow us to congratulate you on the most remarkable exchange of the term, Oracle.

It is with a feeling of genuine regret that I now lay down the last battered and thumbed exchange, but I hope that your exchange will be as great a pleasure to my successor as you have been to me.



JOSHES.

Heard in the Machine Shop.

Does this end piece go on the side?

Unnecessary Profanity.

(Instructor in Surveying)—"How is an earthen dam built?"

(Student)—"Mix the dam dirt with the water."

Some History Shark!

(Mr. S.)—"Name some every day articles that bear a direct tax, something we all use."

(Tanner)—"Whiskey and tobacco."

What's the Use.

Prof. Ryder—"Paul, put your feet on the floor."

Moro Bill—"I might get the floor dirty."

What a Joke.

Prof. Nelson—"Say, Swartz, if your eyes are not sticking out a foot when you finish that 440, I'll flatten you."

And Here's Another.

While eating dinner in Santa Barbara the track team ordered pie for dessert. Prof. Nelson jumped up and said, "Don't give them any pie, but I'll have some."

Judge—"What's your name?"

Swede—"Yon Olson."

Judge—"Married?"

Swede—"Ya, I ban married."

Judge—"Who did you marry?"

Swede—"I married a woman."

Judge—"Well, you idiot, did you ever know any one that didn't marry a woman?"

Swede—"Ya, my seester, she married a man."—Ex.

A SERIOUS LOSS.

(Seen on the Bulletin Board.)

Lost—My milk and its products. Finder please return and receive suitable reward.—Swede.

If Coulter caught a fish would a triangle?

Training Rules.

Prof. Nelson—"Joe, you run a half mile tonight, rather slow, about two flat and you follow him, Swartz. Then when you finish, run about twenty-four laps and then go in."

Did you ever see the Catskill Mountains.

No, but I've seen 'em kill mice.

—Ex.

Prof.—"What kind of springs contain iron?"

Iky—"Bed springs."

Brown is a handsome young lad,
With the girls he is somewhat the fad,
But if one he will choose,
The rest he must lose,
And he knows this would make them all sad.
Graduation and dear sheep skin,
And one last chance for me;
And may there be no flunking out,
When I my freedom see.

STUDENT TRAITS.

The best natured—"Brownie."
The spooniest—Barney Murry.
The best speller—"Peggy."
The fattest—"Blondie."
The sportiest—"Stoney."
The most truthful—Bill Shipsey.
The most poetical—Flossie Knight.
The wisest—Olga Grizzle.
The most old maidish—"U. S."
The most gorgeous—Helen Sandercock.
The mightiest—"Ferne."
The kandy kid—"Chuck."
The most outspoken—"Shorty" Brew.
The most brilliant—Joe Hanson.
The freshest—John Clark.
The thinnest—"Hammie."
The most handsome—Albin Noren.
The sweetest—"Little Jansen."
The most mischievous—Moro Bill.

Every time I go to school,
The teacher lams me with a rule;
Makes no difference if I am a fool,
She's gotta quit lammin' me with a rule.

Prof. Ryder—"Who originated the first geometry proposition?"

Fitz—"Noah."

Prof.—"How's that?"

Fitz—"Didn't he construct an arc B. C.?"

Teacher—"We hear of certain sayings being chestnuts. Now What is a chestnut?"

Farlecher—"A chestnut is a cocoanut's little brother with his whiskers shaved off."

WHO DOESN'T KNOW IT!

Prof. in Geom.—"With a triangle having sides of three, seven, and a base of nine inches, what is the length of the altitude, Miss Schultz?"

Miss S.—"Wh—y, —it's half of twice the distance from the vertex to the base."

REMEMBER APRIL 13.

In times to come when freshmen feel a lack of school pride,
And would condemn their school sports and past history would deride,
Just let them hear a recount of the famous baseball game

That was played twixt High and Poly, where Poly won her fame.

Miss Chase—"Name eleven of Shakespeare's plays."

Hump—"Ten nights in a Bar Room and Macbeth."

PET NAMES.

Sofia—"Slupy."

Lucile—"Hammie."

Edna—"Cutie."

Ethel—"U. S."

Juliet—"Tokio."

Brownie and Lady Bird—"Love Bees."

Stone—"Pebbles."

Smith—"Carnation Flakes."

Nichols—"Cupid."

C. Williams—"Grandad."

Clark—"Juicy."

Baumgardner—"Nightingale."

Stella Brown—"Information."

Merton—"Sore Head."

Schweizer—"Baboon."

M. Coulter—"Ichabod."

R. Bent—"Sis."

Fitzgerald—"Strawberry."

Maude—"Mud."

Leona—"Sport."

Lilabelle—"Eskimo."

Wilmar—"San Miguel."

Bonshu—"Chicago."

Hillard—"Simple Simon."

M. Edmonds—"Mark."

Yocum—"Hocus."

Teacher—"Conjugate the verb—"

Pupil—"What did she say?"

Neighbor—"Darned if I know!"

Pupil—"Darned—if—I nare—"

"Darned—if—I navi—"

"Darned—if—I natus."

Teacher—"What verb are you conjugating?"

Pupil—"Darned if I know!"

—Ex.

Miss Chase—"Why is the drama divided into acts?"

Bright Stude—"So that the gentlemen can go out and get refreshments."

UNEXPECTED BRAINS.

A husky looking gent stopped Hump Hillard at the depot the other day and said, "Yo-yo-ung-ung man, c-c-c-can you t-t-tell me how l-l-l-late the t-t-train is?"

Hump smiled and passed on with quickened step without saying a word. When asked by another person why he didn't answer the man, he said, "Do y-y-you s-s-s-suppose I w-w-w-want to get m-m-m-y r-r-r?"

Contrary to the sage advice of some unknown wise-dome, one of our mechanic students found it convenient to "cry over spilled milk," and that his grievance might find full vent he attempted to remove the curl from a representative of our farmer faction. That full honor may be given the agricultural faction, of which the defender was a member, let it be said that as far as could be judged by certain outward physical decorations the dignity and honour of the "soil tillers" was not in any degree dragged in the dust.

All mechanics be hereby warned.

To say that the male faction of Poly was greatly disturbed to receive in their midst numerous unsigned copies of the following "love bushwa" about February 29, is to put it mildly.

Chuck Williams was the first recipient of one and naturally supposing himself to be a favored individual, he swelled around the campus exhibiting his trophy to various of his most intimate friends, the sight of which caused the germ of envy and jealousy to germinate in their several manly breasts.

But Chuck's day of individual glory was short lived for hardly had the sun again run its course before uncountable copies were circulated through the mails to the males. Woe betide us if such another leap year catch us unawares.

The combined brains and detective abilities of the love-enamoured youths was insufficient to run to earth the author of such flagrant and complicating lines.

Despair finally was the only remaining emotion and it was decided to publish the following in the Journal and request the "masher" to make known her choice and receive her booty as any or all recipients of the letters acknowledge themselves her devout and devoted slave.

Come forward, gentle damsel, and hide not thy carmine blushes behind thy veil of false modesty. Sic 'em Fido!

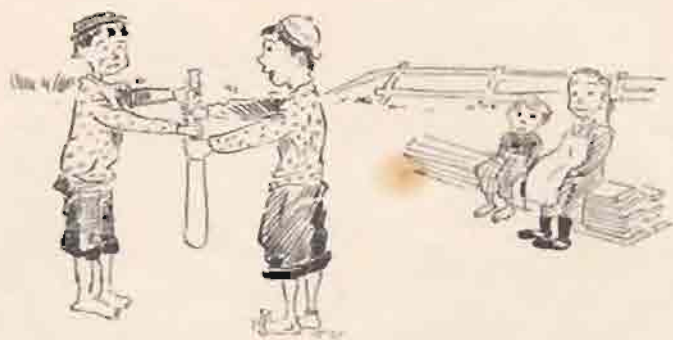
To my dear beloved Sir:

I send you this your love to stir,
Since you I've chosen first of all,
On whom to make my Leap Year call,
I've given you the foremost chance,
A home for you I will enhance;
Your heart and hand I ask not in jest,
But hope that you shall grant my request,
And send me back without delay
Your answer, yea or nay.
But if your heart do not incline
In wedlock's hand to join in mine,
Then you must Leap Year's call obey.

And pay to me five hundred dollars this day.
Besides, kind sir, a handsome dress,
And I'll ask no more and take no less.
You must think this letter funny,
But I must have either man or money;
So now send me your reply,
Let me be your wife until I die,
And if you think this letter dandy,
Just send me back a five pound box of candy;
And if the writer's name you guess,
Send this back to her address.

—A SILENT ADMIRER.

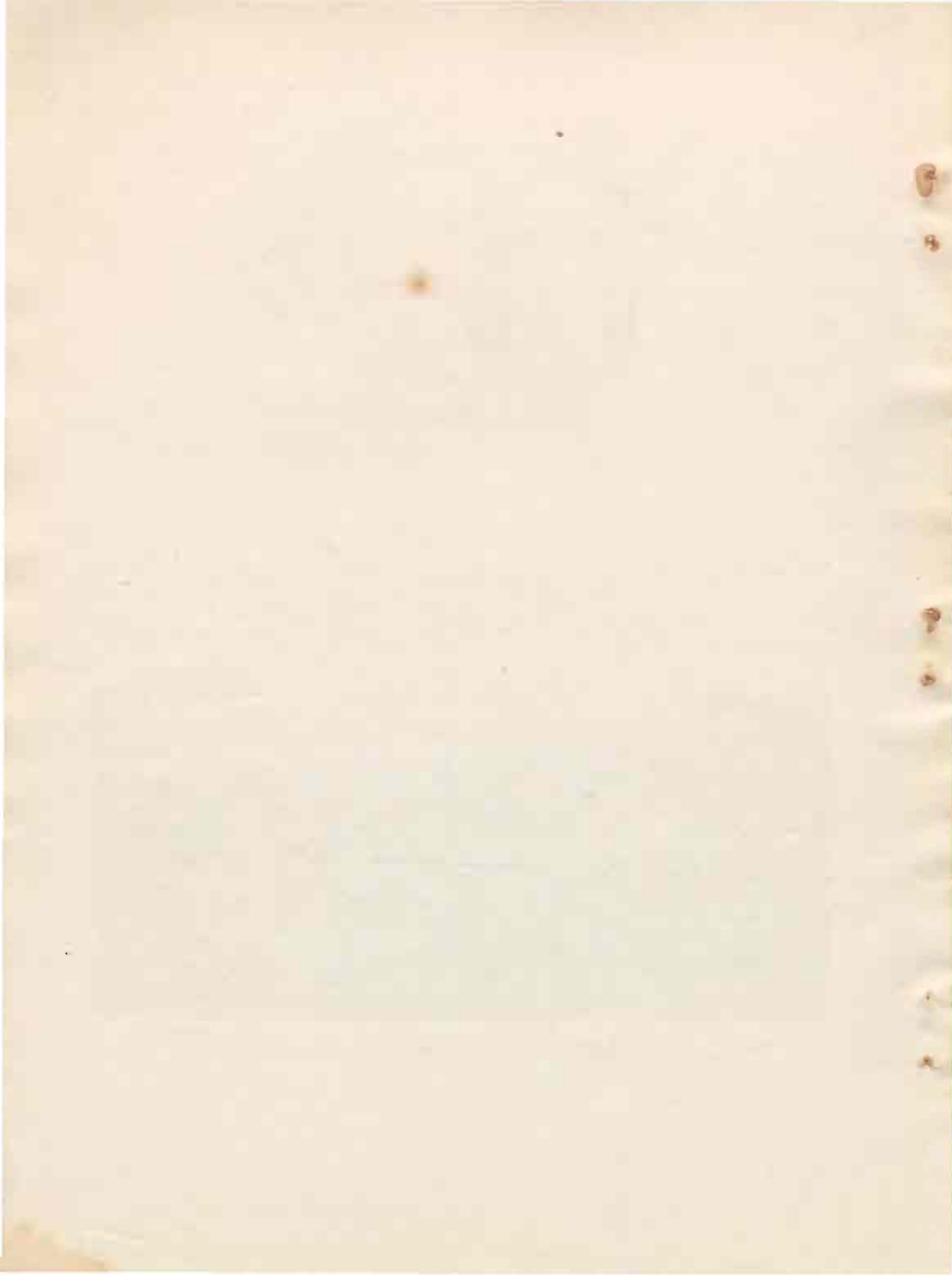
May 15, 1912.



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